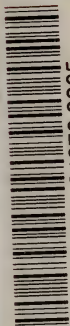


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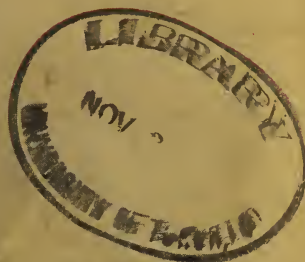
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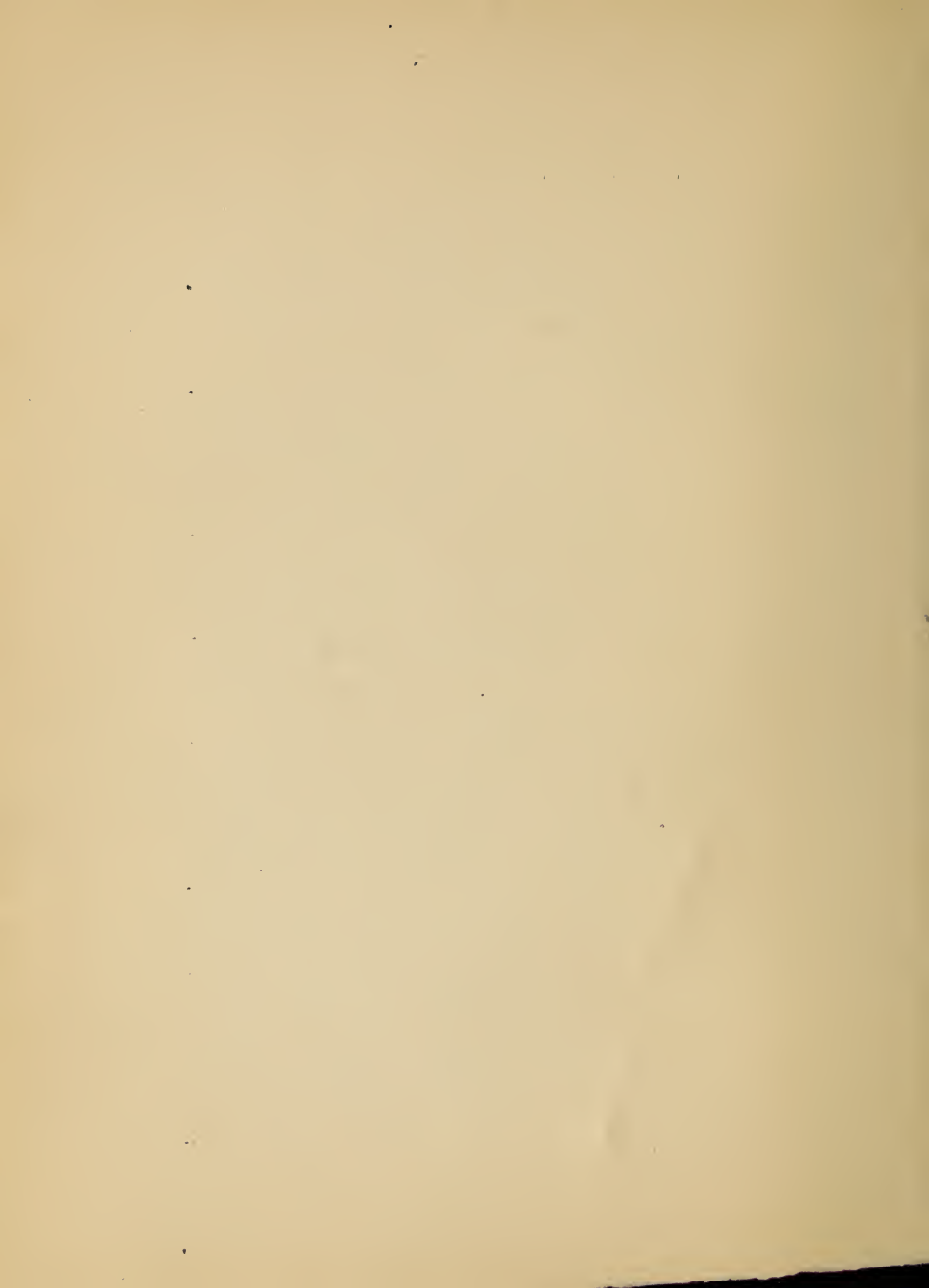


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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE AMERICAN

BY

WILL M. CLEMENS

Author of "Mark Twain, His Life and Work," "The Life and Times of John Brown," "The Depew Story Book," "The Mark Twain Story Book," "The End Thereof," "Lessons in Love," "Downie Dodd and Other Tales," "Days of Evil," "The Eugene Field Story Book," etc., etc.



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PREFACE.

Patriotism and heroism are not alone the full measure of a true American. His duty and devotion in times of peace, to the State and the Nation, to his God, and to his people, rise above his chivalry on the field of battle.

In telling the story of the life and work of THEODORE ROOSEVELT, the writer, therefore, sees not the idol of the hero-worshipper; rather he believes in the maker of Good Government—the man of truth, of courage and of earnestness—the citizen of the true type who combines the justness of an Alexander, the patriotism of the Corsican, and the Americanism of Washington, whose modesty was equal to his valor.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT deserves well of this great American Republic. When, in the heat and strife of a great political campaign, he can arise and publicly proclaim that “the most

degraded Despotism is that of the party boss," the onlooker, with a knowledge of men and motives, discerns a bravery and a courage more sublime than was ever displayed upon a rampart of San Juan or in a trench at El Caney.

This humble tribute then—if a brief biography made honest in the telling—can be called a tribute, is written as a simple guidepost to the path of true citizenship, for those Americans, whether young or old, who have not yet learned the lesson that the interests of the Union are greater than those of any section, that courage in peace equals bravery in war, and that home and family are the bulwarks of the Nation.

W. M. C.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE AMERICAN.

I.

THE ROOSEVELT ANCESTRY.

“Through eight generations of patriotic Americans.”

EIGHT generations of Roosevelts have lived in New York. The name—a most honored one in Knickerbocker history—has found place in the city directories ever since 1652. The name, too, has always figured prominently in the business, social, and political affairs of the community. Members of the family have taken active parts in all the wars of the nation from the Revolution to the late war with Spain.

Theodore Roosevelt is descended in direct line from Claas Martensen Van Roosevelt, one of our first colonists, who came to New Amster-

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dam from Holland, with his wife Jannetje Thomas, in 1651. From this Hollander the line comes down to contemporaneous times through Nicholas Van Roosevelt and his wife, Hillotje Jans; Johannes Van Roosevelt and his wife, Hyltie Syverts; Jacobus Roosevelt and his wife, Annatie Bogaert; Jacobus I., or James Roosevelt and his wife, Mary Van Schaick and Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt and his wife Margaret Barnhill.

One of the family, Nicholas Roosevelt, was a member of the Provincial Congress in 1775, a member of the State Senate in 1786 and president of the Bank of New York during the same year. Another, Nicholas J. Roosevelt, being interested in the problem of steam navigation, took out a patent for a steamboat before the date of the Robert Fulton patent, and in subsequent litigation with Fulton, established his claim to priority as the inventor of the side-wheel steamer. He was the inventor of the vertical paddle-wheel and was associated with Colonel Stevens and Chancellor Livingston in all the work that led to steam navigation on

the Hudson River. He also surveyed the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, introducing steam vessels on Western waters. He established a ship yard in Pittsburg, and built the New Orleans, the pioneer steamboat on the Mississippi River. Another of the name, Jacobus I. Roosevelt, was a commissary to the Continental Army, during the war of the Revolution. Even before the days of the Revolution there had been Roosevelts in many branches of municipal, state, and national service.

The family as stated was of Holland origin. Roosevelt Street in New York now runs through what was its ancient American homestead. Its members, outside of their official or military life, have been sugar refiners, bankers, merchants and lawyers. But though Theodore Roosevelt's name is a Holland one, he is in almost equal part Dutch, French, Irish and Scotch. These commingled streams of blood show in his character, for as occasion calls for it, he manifests the Dutch phlegm, the Scotch pertinacity, the French chivalry, and the true Irish wit.

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The grandfather of Theodore Roosevelt was Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt, a merchant, born January 30, 1794. He was in direct descent from the Holland colonist Claas Martensen, and became a conspicuous member of the family. He was a man of sound opinions, a most successful business man, and in his day was considered one of the wealthiest citizens of New York. He was one of the founders of the Chemical Bank, which was established on the single principle of honesty. During the Rebellion the bank redeemed its notes at two dollars and eighty cents in greenbacks.

The wife of Cornelius, and the grandmother of Theodore Roosevelt, was Margaret Barnhill, the daughter of Robert Barnhill and Elizabeth Potts; her maternal grandfather, Thomas Potts, being a prominent citizen of Philadelphia. Their children were, Silas Weir Roosevelt, the eminent lawyer; James A. Roosevelt, who died in New York, July 16, 1898; Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt, Jr., who died in 1887; Robert B. Roosevelt, William W. Roosevelt, who died young; and Theodore Roosevelt, the

father of Governor Roosevelt. Two uncles of the governor were men of affairs and business in their day. Robert B. was a Commissioner of the Brooklyn Bridge, a member of Congress in 1873-74; Treasurer of the National Democratic Committee in 1892; United States Minister to the Netherlands in 1893, and was the first president of the Holland Society. James Alfred Roosevelt was the president of the Roosevelt Hospital, founded by his cousin, James H., who died in 1863. He was a director in numerous banks, railroads, and insurance companies, and was a Park Commissioner under Mayor Strong in 1895.

Theodore Roosevelt, the father of Governor Theodore Roosevelt, was a merchant and philanthropist. He was born September 22, 1831, and lived almost his entire life at Oyster Bay, Long Island. He died at his city residence, 6 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, February 9, 1878. He was the youngest son of Cornelius Van Schaick. During his lifetime he was prominently identified with public charities, being especially interested in the Newsboys' Lodging House,

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which he founded, and the Young Men's Christian Association. He was also one of the founders of the Union League Club, the Orthopedic Hospital, and the Children's Aid Society. For many years Mr. Roosevelt was a glass importer and manufacturer. During the Civil War he organized the Allotment Commission to aid the families of Union soldiers. He visited nearly all, if not all, the encampments of the Northern troops. In January, 1876, he established the banking house of Theodore Roosevelt & Son. When he was nominated by President Hayes, a year later, as Collector of the Port of New York, he was rejected by the Senate because he was a civil service reformer. Mr. Roosevelt in his later years was an accomplished horseman, and is remembered as he rode through Central Park almost daily, as a slight, straight, handsome-featured man, who sat his horse as one born to the saddle. He possessed great strength and nobility of character, combined with a certain joyousness of disposition that won him countless friends and few enemies.

The wife of Mr. Roosevelt, and the mother of the surviving son who won distinction at Las Guasimas and San Juan, was Miss Martha Bulloch. She came from the old Southern family of Bullochs, which produced a noted governor of Georgia, Rufus B. Bulloch, who held office from 1868 to 1871. The builder of the Confederate privateer *Alabama*, and its commander for a brief period, also came from this branch of the Bulloch family. The founder of the family came to this country from Scotland in the middle of the seventeenth century. The great-grandfather of Mrs. Roosevelt was the first revolutionary governor of his State.

II.

THE BOY THEODORE.

“Even then he was a leader, a masterful, commanding little fellow.”

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born on October 27, 1858. His father had acquired the property at number 28 East Twentieth Street, New York, and here the future governor of the Empire State came into the world—a puny, sickly child destined to grow to robust manhood.

His father, a rigid disciplinarian, early taught him as a child to “do things for himself,” and to keep the body active as well as the mind. Mr. Roosevelt himself has said that he is no dreamer of brilliant dreams, that his plans were never for a vague and distant future, but always took hold of the present, without regard to consequences. He simply obeyed the Biblical injunction, “Whatever thy hand find-

eth to do, that do with all thy might." Although the elder Roosevelt was comfortably rich in worldly goods, Theodore was taught that he must fight for himself the battles of the world in order to achieve success. As a boy he was delicate, but by careful exercise and obedience to the laws of health he became robust and strong.

Mr. Ray S. Baker, in a sketch of Mr. Roosevelt, says this of his boyhood: "As a young boy he was thin-shanked, pale, and delicate, giving little promise of the amazing vigor of his later life. To avoid the rough treatment of the public school, he was tutored at home, also attending a private school for a time—Cutler's, one of the most famous of its day. Most of his summers, and in fact two-thirds of the year, he spent at the Roosevelt farm near Oyster Bay, then almost as distant in time from New York as the Adirondacks now are. For many years he was slow to learn and not strong enough to join in the play of other boys; but as he grew older he saw that if he ever amounted to anything he must acquire vigor of body. With

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characteristic energy he set about developing himself. He swam, he rode, he ran; he tramped the hills back of the bay, for pastime studying and cataloguing the birds native to his neighborhood; and thus he laid the foundation of that incomparable physical vigor from which rose his future prowess as a ranchman and hunter."

At the age of eleven years young Roosevelt made a voyage across the Atlantic with his father. A boyhood friend, by name George Cromwell, now an honored resident of Philadelphia, tells several amusing incidents of the European voyage. It was a great event in 1869 to cross the Atlantic, particularly for youngsters, all of them under eleven years of age.

"As I remember Theodore," recalls Mr. Cromwell, "he was a tall, thin lad, with bright eyes and legs like pipe stems.

"One of the first things I remember about him on that voyage was that after the ship had got out of sight of land he remarked, half to himself, as he glanced at the water, 'I guess

there ought to be a good many fish here.' Then an idea suddenly struck him, and turning to me he said: 'George, go get me a small rope from somewhere, and we'll play a fishing game.' I don't know why I went at once in search of that line, without asking why he didn't go himself, but I went and it never occurred to me to put the question. He had told me to go, and in such a determined way that it settled the matter. Even then he was a leader, a masterful, commanding little fellow who seemed to have a peculiar quality of his own of making his playmates obey him, not at all because we were afraid, but because we wanted to, and somehow felt sure we would have a good time and get lots of fun if we did as he said.

"Well, I went after the line and brought it to him. While I was gone on the errand he had thought out all the details of the fishing game, and had climbed on top of a coiled cable—for, of course, he was to be the fisherman.

"'Now,' he said, as I handed him the line, 'all you fellows lie down flat on the deck here,

and make believe to swim around like fishes. I'll throw one end of the line down to you, and the first fellow that catches hold of it is a fish that has bit my hook. He must just pull as hard as he can, and if he pulls me down off this coil of rope, why, then, he will be the fisherman and I will be a fish. But if he lets go, or if I pull him up here off the deck, why, I will still be the fisherman. The game is to see how many fish each of us can land up here. The one who catches the most fish wins.'

"The rest of us lay down flat on our stomachs," Mr. Cromwell says, in continuation of his narrative, "and made believe to swim; and Theodore, standing above us on the coiled cable, threw down one end of his line, a thin but strong rope. If I remember correctly my brother was the first fish to grasp the line, and then commenced a mighty struggle. It seemed to be much easier for the fish to pull the fisherman down than for the fisherman to haul up the dead weight of a pretty heavy boy lying flat on the deck below him; and I tell you it was a pretty hard struggle. My brother held

on to the line with both hands, and wrapped his legs around it, grapevine fashion. Theodore braced his feet on the coiled cable, stiffened his back, shut his teeth hard, and wound his end of the line around his waist. At first he tried by sheer muscle to pull the fish up; but he soon found it was hard work to lift up a boy about as heavy as himself. Then another bright idea struck him. He pulled less and less, and at last ceased trying to pull at all. Of course the fish thought the fisherman was tired out, and he commenced to pull, hoping to get Theodore down on deck. He didn't succeed at first, and pulled all the harder. He rolled over on his back, then on his side, then sat up, all the time pulling and twisting and yanking at the line in every possible way; and that was just what Theodore hoped the fish would do. You see, all this time, while my brother was using his strength, Theodore simply stood still, braced like steel, and let him tire himself out. Before very long the fish was so out of breath that he couldn't pull any longer. Besides, the thin rope had cut his hands and made them sore.

Then the fisherman commenced slowly and steadily to pull on the line, and in a very few minutes he had my brother hauled up alongside of him on the coil of cable."

The elder Roosevelt was a firm believer in hard work, and made this a part of the science he knew so well—the science of bringing up a boy. Although a man of wealth and position he taught his children—the four of them—two boys and two girls, the virtue of labor, and pointed with the finger of scorn to the despicable thing called man who lived in idleness. With such teachings at home, it is no wonder that Theodore was moved to declare not long since:

"I was determined as a boy to make a man of myself."

His vacation days and little outing excursions to the farms of his uncles gave the boy a fondness for country life, which found appreciation in later years in these words:

"I belong as much to the country as to the city, I owe all my vigor to the country."

As a boy, Theodore built few air castles. He was particularly fond of outdoor games

and went skating and coasting in Central Park, when the family came to town in winter, whenever occasion offered. He read few of the so-called story books of childhood. The wondrous tales of adventure told by Captain Mayne Reid and the Indian stories of J. Fenimore Cooper found more favor in his young eyes than the fairy tales of Cinderella or Jack the Giant Killer.

III.

THE STUDENT AND THE ATHLETE.

“A robust, sturdy-shouldered young man, born a fighter.”

YOUNG Roosevelt entered Harvard College in 1875, after a year or two in a preparatory school. He was a favorite pupil in the smaller institution where the schoolmaster, a gentleman of the old school, taught a score of boys the things most essential for entrance into old Harvard. In those callow days Theodore was not the finished orator that characterized his later years of public life. Upon one occasion he was called upon to recite the poem beginning:

“At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
Would tremble at his power.”

Theodore arose and started out bravely. With all the flourishes of boyish energy he repeated the lines as far as "When Greece, her knees—" and then he stopped.

He stammered, shuffled his feet and began again: "When Greece, her knees—" The old schoolmaster leaned forward, and, in a shrill voice, said: "Grease 'em again, Teddy, and maybe it will go then." And Teddy with his usual pluck tried it again with marked success.

He entered Harvard with a determination to make a man of himself mentally and physically. He was a good student, and for a time was editor of the *Harvard Advocate*. He was deeply absorbed in history and natural history and in political economy. These were his favorite studies. While editor of the *Advocate*, he wrote a short story and a sketch or two, which were published in that periodical.

Athletics received from him their due consideration and he soon was known as the champion light-weight boxer in the gymnasium. Not long since Mr. Roosevelt said this about boxing: "When I was in Harvard and sparred

for the championship, I suffered a heavier punishment than any man there did, and I have been knocked out at polo twice. I don't care much for professional sport of any kind, but I thoroughly believe in boxing, exactly as I believe in football and other rough, manly games." Young Roosevelt was a fair wrestler at catch-as-catch-can, a good runner and a lively expert at polo. For a time he was captain of the college polo club, but oddly enough his captaincy never won a championship. He graduated from Harvard in 1880, a Phi Beta Kappa man, with an education that fitted him well for the work he was to perform in the world. The following year he went abroad, continuing his studies for a time in Dresden. While in Europe he scaled the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and won himself a membership in the Alpine Club of London.

Returning to New York late in 1881, Mr. Roosevelt paid his first visit to the Great West. With the enthusiasm of youth and the adventurous spirit strong in his nature, he wished to see the rude formative life of that region be-

fore it vanished forever. He arrived in time to take part in the last big buffalo hunt near Pretty Butte, where whites and Sioux Indians joined in the killing.

In New York he was an example of the strong-spirited, well-educated young Knickerbocker of the better class. "He had no need to work," says a writer in *McClure's*. "His income was ample to keep him in comfort, even luxury, all his life. He might spend his summers in Newport and his winters on the continent, and possibly winsome fame as an amateur athlete and a society man; and no one would think of blaming him, nor of asking more than he gave." He was now barely twenty-three years old, a robust, sturdy-shouldered, square-jawed young man, born a fighter. He craved the stir and action and heat of public conflict.

Then began his serious moods and moments. His studies at college were but preparatory to what were to follow. Never a great reader in his boyhood days, this young fellow of twenty-three now began a reading of books and men and motives—to read with a fixed and deter-

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mined purpose. For a few months he attempted the study of the law with his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, but with such a training as he had given himself it was impossible for him to remain long out of politics. In New York he attended his first primary election; and this gathering of Ward Republicans opened up a new field for his studies and his ambitions. His reading turned to history and politics. He was a close student of the "Federalist," a book he called, "the greatest of its kind ever written." He studied with care and discernment the lives of public men, the wars and politics of the country, and knew well each and every principle upon which the fathers had founded the national structure.

At this period of political study and investigation he was writing his "Naval War of 1812," a book that has since been looked upon as a standard work of authority. In one of his later books a volume of essays published under the title of "American Ideals," he pays a high tribute to patriotism, of the kind that aroused him as a young man.

"Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech," he writes, "or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of material prosperity."

Mr. Roosevelt's ideas of college education and the results thereof, in the making of good citizens, is well defined in his admirable essay on "College and Public Life," written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he says: "The first great lesson which the college graduate should learn is the lesson of work rather than of criticism. . . . College men must learn to be as practical in politics as they would in business or in law A college man is peculiarly bound to keep a high ideal and to be true to it; but he must work in practical ways to try to realize this ideal, and must not refuse to do anything because he cannot get anything. . . . No man ever learned from books how to manage a governmental system."

These are some of the outspoken truths from a man who early in life learned to think and act for himself. It was this same condition of mind, no doubt, that prompted Mr. Roosevelt to enter the State militia. He felt that every man should learn how to bear arms, and so he joined the Eighth Regiment, New York State National Guards, as second lieutenant, rising to be captain in 1888. The training so gained fitted him for the brilliant military career which was to be his ten years later in Cuba.

IV.

THE STATE LEGISLATOR.

"He was soon the leader of the Republican side of the house. "

MR. ROOSEVELT made a bold but natural plunge into the seething maelstrom of New York politics in the autumn of 1881. He had cast his first vote the previous year at Oyster Bay, but entered political life in the district known as the "Murray Hill," a quarter of Gotham where the better element of Republican politics could command the greatest strength against the bosses and the State machine. He entered the contest as a candidate for the State Legislature in the Twenty-first district. The district was Republican. The local boss was Jake Hess, who, though a Republican, never hesitated to strengthen his machine, whenever imperiled by a "deal" with the powers of Tam-

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many Hall. A majority of the voters had grown restive under his dictatorship. They rebelled against the member of Assembly whom he had selected for them. In the fall of 1881 they hit upon young Mr. Roosevelt as an agreeable change. Nominated at the primaries, despite the opposition of Mr. Hess, he was duly elected.

Some years later in an interview Mr. Roosevelt grew reminiscent and gave this autobiographical account of his first political battle: "I have always believed and do yet that a man should join a political organization and should attend the primaries; that he should not be content to be governed, but should do his part in the work. So upon leaving college I went to the local political headquarters, attended all the meetings and took my part in whatever was up. There came a revolt against the member of the Assembly from that district, and I was nominated to succeed him, and was elected."

Mr. Roosevelt entered into the political field in New York at a time when reform was wanted and honest legislation a crying need.

Roscoe Conkling was the acknowledged Boss of the Republican State machine, and John Kelly, Boss of the Democratic machine. Each had under his direction a train of smaller local bosses, and the machine, first of the one party, and then of the other, managed to divide the spoils to the satisfaction of all the bosses. There were few statesmen then in local politics; nearly every man was a spoilsman.

When Mr. Roosevelt took the oath of office, in the Assembly in January, 1882, both houses of the Legislature presented in external appearance at least a marked contrast to the Tweed legislature of a decade previous. In Tweed's time the legislators had received three dollars per day. In 1882 they received fifteen dollars. Mr. Roosevelt was the youngest member of the legislature. Some of the old political war horses from New York promptly named him "silk-stocking," and passed him by as one of the freaks of a popular election. But they misjudged their man, for Mr. Roosevelt had a faculty of making himself a storm center. He studied his colleagues until he knew whom he

could trust and whom he must fight, and then, quite to the dismay of some of his fellow legislators, he went to work. Within two months he was the undisputed leader of the Republican minority of the house. He began at once his fight for reform, and fought so well that in a year he was known all over the country as a new power in the Albany halls of legislation.

Mr. Roosevelt believes now as he believed then that "Politics and war are the two biggest games there are." He played in politics at Albany like a soldier, attacked the bosses and the methods of the machine, and laughed bravely enough, when the New York newspapers, backed by the bosses, lampooned and derided him and his motives. He succeeded in securing the passage of the famous Roosevelt — Aldermanic bill, which deprived the City Council of New York of the right to veto the mayor's appointments, the provision under which Tweed and his ringsters had waxed fat. This was the most important work he did in Albany.

The voters of the Twenty-first Assembly

district re-elected him by the large majority of 2,219, the candidate running 2,000 votes ahead of his ticket. Soon after the opening of the session of 1883, Mr. Roosevelt commenced a warfare against the railroad companies. He introduced a bill requiring the New York elevated railroad companies to reduce their fares from ten to five cents. The bill passed both houses after much agitation. But it was vetoed by Governor Cleveland on the ground of unconstitutionality, because it disregarded the implied obligation which had arisen between the State and the elevated roads when the franchise had been granted. Cleveland furthermore held that it would involve a breach of faith, inasmuch as liberal inducements had been offered to secure rapid transit in New York, and the rates of fare allowed had been an essential part of the consideration under which capital had ventured into the enterprise. Mr. Roosevelt recognized the weight of these arguments. He saw that he had been wrong in voting for the bill and he was not the man to preserve a stolid acquiescence in error when

that error had been demonstrated. A motion came up to pass the bill over the governor's veto. Roosevelt astonished his associates by opposing it. He astonished them still more by the manfully frank and courageous method of his opposition.

"I have to say with shame," he began, "that when I voted for this bill I did not act as I think I ought to have acted, and as I generally have acted on the floor of this House. For the only time that I ever voted here contrary to what I think to be honestly right I did at that time. I have to confess that I weakly yielded, partly to a vindictive feeling toward the infernal thieves who have that railroad in charge, and partly to the popular voice of New York. For the managers of the elevated railroads I have as little feeling as any man here, and if it were possible I would be willing to pass a bill of attainder against Gould and all of his associates. I realize that they have done the most incalculable harm to this community—with their hired stock-jobbing newspaper, with their corruption of the Judiciary, and with their corrup-

tion of this House. It is not a question of doing right to them, for they are merely common thieves. As to the resolution—a petition handed in by the directors of the company—signed by Gould and his son, I would pay more attention to a petition signed by Barney Aaron, Owen Geoghegan, and Billy McGlory than I would pay to that paper, because I regard these men as part of an infinitely dangerous order—the wealthy criminal class.”

Although the motion to pass the bill over Governor Cleveland’s veto was lost, the assertions of Mr. Roosevelt, and his phrase “the wealthy criminal class,” caught the applause of the masses and placed the young assemblyman high in the estimation of the people.

Immediately after his re-election in 1883, Mr. Roosevelt began a canvass for the nomination of speaker. He was opposed by all the machine politicians of his party, and it was a tribute to his skill and his personal qualities that notwithstanding this opposition he had come very near success. It was fortunate that he failed, for he at once became the leader of the majority

on the floor, and successfully carried through the legislature the series of bills which established his reputation as a lawmaker.

Among his other successful work in Albany, he organized a committee to investigate the work of county officials in New York, as a result of which the county clerk, who had been receiving eighty-two thousand a year in fees; the sheriff, who had been taking one hundred thousand dollars, and the register, whose perquisites were also very large, all became salaried officials. After his third re-election in 1884, he introduced the Civil Service Law, a bold and revolutionary political measure at that time. He worked hard for legislation for the benefit of New York City and was exceedingly active in furthering all philanthropic bills and those measures having for their object the interests of the laboring men. He was the man who instituted the movement for the abolition of tenement-house cigar factories. He was chairman of the noted Legislative Investigating Committee, the Roosevelt Committee, which brought to light many of the abuses existing in the city government at that time.

The qualities necessary to success in those legislature battles Mr. Roosevelt himself describes as follows: "To get through any such measures requires genuine hard work, a certain amount of parliamentary skill, a good deal of tact and courage, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the men with whom one has to deal and of the motives which actuate them."

During his last term at Albany, delegates were elected to the Republican State Convention held at Utica, and once more Mr. Roosevelt was compelled to enter into combat with Jake Hess, in his home district. Once more he was victorious. Mr. Hess was defeated and Mr. Roosevelt went to Utica at the head of an Edmunds delegation of his own kidney. The State Convention recognized the merits of the young Assemblyman, and sent him as a delegate to the Republican National Convention held at Chicago in 1884, where he was associated with such men as Andrew D. White and George William Curtis. He went uninstructed, but in favor of the nomination of

Senator Edmunds for the presidency, in opposition to Mr. Blaine.

Thus from ward politics to national politics Mr. Roosevelt passed with never a smirch upon his public career, and his legislative record for the three years he held office has never been excelled, before or since, for the character or the amount of good work accomplished.

In his charming essays "American Ideals," Mr. Roosevelt dwells at length on "Phases of State Legislation," and from this splendid paper, published originally in the *Century Magazine*, in 1885, just after he had closed his legislative career, I quote some interesting paragraphs.

"The worst legislators come from the great cities. Among them are a few cultivated and scholarly men, but the bulk are foreigners of little or no education. It is their ignorance, quite as much as actual viciousness which makes it so difficult to secure the passage of good laws or prevent the passage of bad ones; and it is the most irritating of the many elements with which we have to contend in the fight for good government.

“Legislative life has temptations enough to make it unadvisable for any weak man, whether young or old, to enter it. A great many men deteriorate very much morally when they go to Albany.

“It will be hard to make any great improvement in the character of the legislators until respectable people become more fully awake to their duties, and until the newspapers become more truthful and less reckless in their statements.

“The servile tool of the ‘boss’ or the ‘machine,’ in the legislature can rarely be a good public servant.

“There are two classes of cases in which corrupt members get money. One is when a wealthy corporation buys through some measure which will be of great benefit to itself, although, perhaps, an injury to the public at large; the other is when a member introduces a bill hostile to some moneyed interest, with the expectation of being paid to let the matter drop.”

V.

THE PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

“We count on the men who carry their sovereignty under their own hats.”

THE partisan in politics is rarely a broad-gauged, practical man. The party politician has proverbially been narrow, selfish, and distrustful of his fellow-men. In rare instances only do we find a partisan who has the common sense of practical politics. Theodore Roosevelt is one of these exceptions.

At the National Republican Convention at Chicago, in 1884, he joined hands with the venerable George William Curtis in the fight against James G. Blaine, and with the so-called “kid-glove” element at this memorable convention, participated in the effort to nominate a Mugwump candidate. The writer, who was an observer at this convention as a press repre-

sentative, well remembers Mr. Roosevelt, and the peculiar position in which he was placed. As a militant Republican, he stood solidly with his elder brethren from New York against Blaine and the Blaine element in his party.

For be it known that while he was a party man, he had declared not long before that he did not number party allegiance among the Ten Commandments.

"There are times," he had said, "when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party, and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even though, on some points, he thinks that party wrong. If we had not party allegiance, our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and, under present conditions, our government would hardly continue at all. If we had no independence, we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism—the despotism of the party boss and the party machine."

In local affairs when it comes to a question of simple right and wrong, Mr. Roosevelt recognizes no loyalty to party, and he declares

with vehemence that national politics never should be allowed to interfere with municipal or local government, nor with the disposition of offices in which efficiency and honesty are the only requirements.

Somewhere in one of his essays or addresses he says: "In the long run, politics of fraud and treachery and foulness are unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicians is the politician who is clean and decent and upright. Therefore, the man who wishes to do good in his community must go into active political life. If he is a Republican, let him join his local Republican association; if he is a Democrat, the Democratic association; if an Independent, then let him put himself in touch with those who think as he does. Progress is accomplished by the man who does these things and not by the man who talks about how they ought or ought not to be done."

Defeated with Curtis and the other New Yorkers in their fight against Blaine, Mr. Roosevelt saw no reason to sulk in his tent. Mr. Curtis and the other Mugwumps returned

to New York and upon the nomination of Grover Cleveland by the Democratic National Convention, the "pure white souls of Mugwumpery," led by the then editor of *Harper's Weekly*, deserted the flag of their party, never to return again as men among men. Mr. Roosevelt, desirous of acting rightly in the premises, left Chicago for Dakota, where he had a short time before acquired a ranch property, there to ponder and think over the situation.

He returned to New York and entered the campaign with his mind made up for Blaine; not that he looked upon him as the ideal candidate, but that he held him to be a better candidate than his comparatively untrained opponent, and his party to be a better party than the Democracy. He took an active part in the canvass, which resulted in Blaine's defeat. This notable campaign was doubtless the turning point in Mr. Roosevelt's career. The world hates a skulker and had he joined the New York Mugwumps against Blaine, his easy, quiet political death would have resulted.

Two years later, in 1886, Mr. Roosevelt became the candidate of the Republican party for Mayor of New York, running against Abram S. Hewitt and Henry George. His letter accepting the nomination is a masterpiece, a model for every fearless young politician. He entered into this campaign with his characteristic energy, fighting without gloves; and while he was beaten, he had the honor of receiving the largest percentage of votes ever polled by a Republican candidate for Mayor of New York until the election of William L. Strong in 1894. Mr. Hewitt's plurality was 22,000.

Mr. Roosevelt was now a practical politician of no small moment. He was regarded as a factor in national politics as well as local, and true to his party and at the same time true to his principles, he was looked upon even then by those who knew him intimately, as "a coming man" in the Republican party.

Mr. Roosevelt's views on practical work in politics are best contained, perhaps, in an address he delivered a few years since at a Na-

tional Conference for Good City Government held at Philadelphia. Mr. Roosevelt said:

“There are two gospels I always want to preach to reformers, whether they are working for civil service reform, for municipal reform, or for any other reform. The first is the gospel of morality; the next is the gospel of efficiency. To a body like this I do not think I have to dwell much upon the necessity of being straight and decent, for of course a man must try to render disinterested, honest service to the community if he has the least claim to be called a good citizen. But I know you don’t need to have me dwell upon this side of the question. You come here representing the men who sincerely wish to see our municipal government purified, to see our public officials elected because they are likely to render honest service to the community, and to see our whole political life conducted in accordance with the highest standards of morality.

“I don’t have to tell you to be upright, but I do think I have to tell you to be practical and efficient. When I say practical I don’t mean

that you have got to connive at wrong-doing or submit to it; on the contrary, I believe that the most practical of politicians is the most honest, and that in the long run the politics of fraud and treachery and bribery and foulness are unpractical politics. But I do mean to say that you have got to face facts as they are; that, while keeping a high standard, you have yet got to realize that there are very many men whose standard is not so high, and that you must strive to get out from these men the best that lies in them, even though it is not the absolute best. In condemning men whose standards are not as high as they ought to be (though this condemnation is often necessary), you must be careful not to encourage men whose standards are still lower. It is sometimes necessary to help the best by overthrowing the good, even though it produces the temporary triumph of the bad; but such action must always be regarded as exceptional; to follow it out as a steady policy is an infallible method of working evil to the community.

“Two points in especial bear in mind; be

actors, and not merely critics of others, in the first place, and in the second, do not try to accomplish anything at the very beginning, and then because you fail abandon the effort to accomplish anything.

“As to the first point, criticism is a very good thing, but work is a much better one. It is not the man who sits at home in his parlor, the man who reads his evening paper before the fire and says how bad our politicians are, who ever works an improvement in our municipal government. It is the man who goes out to the primaries and the polls, who attends the meetings of his party organizations if he is a party man, or who gets up effective independent organizations if he is not a party man, the man who wins in actual hard fighting, and who is not afraid of the blood and sweat—he is the man who deserves our gratitude; he is the man upon whom we must ultimately rely for results. Meetings like this, where all of us who believe alike get together, talk with one another, and learn to see the situation as it is, and try to plan methods for making it better,

serve an admirable purpose, too; but the real battle must be fought out on other and less pleasant fields. In the end the work has got to be done by actual, hard, stubborn, long continued service in the field of practical politics itself. You have got to go out and meet not merely the men who think like you, but the men who think differently from you. You have got to try to win them to your side by argument, to try to beat them and overthrow them, and drive them from the field if you can't win them by argument. You may as well make up your mind at the beginning that when you thus go into practical politics you will make some mistakes, and you will be criticised by those who don't go in; but you may make up your mind also that in no other way can you ever achieve anything, and that the crown must finally be awarded, not to the man who says how poorly others have done their work, but to the man who actually does the work, even though he does it imperfectly and with many shortcomings.

“Again, don't try to begin by reforming the

whole world. Prove yourself to be a tolerably efficient under-officer before you aspire to the work of the commander-in-chief. Of course, from the outset you must take an interest in the great problems of state and national legislation, no less than of municipal; but this must not be all. Go into your own assembly district, try to find out the men who think as you do, and whom you can spur into taking some kind of an active part; then, whether you are a Republican like myself, a Democrat like my friend here, or an Independent like my friend there, try to get your fellows to organize with you and to organize on a basis of desire for clean, decent government. Become thoroughly familiar with the work of the different machines in your district, with the work gone through in nominating candidates, no less than in preparing for the actual battle at the polls. Try to make your influence felt on your local representative, whether a councilman, alderman, or any other official. Make yourself a power. Teach the politicians, and by degrees teach the people too, that you are not only disinterested, but that

you are efficient also; that you are striving for the right, and that when you hit you hit to some purpose.

“In carrying on your battle for decency remember one thing: if you are to win you must win by being straight out Americans, and by conducting your campaign in the regular American spirit. If you try to organize your movement on any line of caste, on any line of birthplace or of creed, you will be beaten, and you will deserve to be beaten. Go into our politics simply as Americans. Work heartily with the man in whose ideas you believe and who believes in your ideas, without any reference to whether he is a Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, whether he was born here or abroad, whether he is a banker or a butcher, a professor or a hod-carrier, a railway president or the owner of a corner store; in short, act as Americans, and as nothing else.

“In conclusion, one thing: Don’t forget that while you must cultivate all the softer virtues, yet that you will cease to be men if you fail to cultivate the stronger virtues likewise. You

must be disinterested, unselfish, upright; but you must also be sincere and resolute and courageous, morally and physically able to take punishment without flinching, and to give punishment in turn when the time and the need arise. Above all, remember that there is nothing more contemptible than to flinch from a task because you find it disagreeable, or because at first you fail to achieve the success that you think you should. If you find that at first you are powerless, that your efforts for a month or two or a year or two fail to result in anything, then it is merely your duty to redouble your efforts, and, if necessary, to try to change and improve your methods. If you find that the people with whom you are thrown in contact in political life have low moral ideals, and are coarse and disagreeable, and yet too often are triumphant, why, instead of flinching from them, remember that if you are men you will stand up all the stouter in your battle. If you wish to accomplish anything in the field of municipal reform you must be upright and disinterested; you must be practical and willing

to work hard, and not merely criticise; you must be Americans through and through, in temper and spirit and heart, and you must possess the essential virtues of manliness, of resolution, and of indomitable courage.”

VI.

THE COWBOY AND SPORTSMAN.

“He has killed every kind of game to be found on the Plains.”

DURING his third term in the New York State Assembly Mr. Roosevelt bought a ranch in North Dakota, and at every opportunity made the journey to the Far West, there to become cowboy, ranchman, and hunter of big game, and to become more familiar with the life of a pioneer frontiersman.

The ranch, as he found it, was far from civilization, on the northwestern border of North Dakota, six hundred miles from St. Paul, where the Little Missouri winds its swift course through the heart of the Bad Lands. The nearest town is Medora, so named for the beautiful wife of the Marquis de Mores, formerly Miss Von Hoffman, of New York. Sur-

rounded by mighty buttes of scorched clay, it nestles at their feet as silent and still as those giant masses of lava which rear their fantastic forms skyward.

Something over eight miles up the river from the little town is "Chimney Butte," the home ranch of Mr. Roosevelt. Here the valley widens; the giant buttes have receded, leaving a wide stretch of bottom lands. A half-mile to the southwest stands one of those singular formations so common to the Bad Lands, a long, slender pyramid capped with a large flat rock. This gives to the ranch its local name, although it is generally called the "Maltese Cross" ranch from the cowboy custom of calling ranches after the brand of the cattle herded there. The ranch proper is a story and a half high and built of hewed logs. The first story contains a kitchen, living room, and a private room for Mr. Roosevelt when he visits the ranch. Little consideration is given to sleeping apartments. Cowboys sleep anywhere; but in bad weather they spread their blankets on the floor upstairs. To the right is the stable, while in front is the

horse corral. This is built in circular form to prevent crowding and jamming in corners. Whenever a horse is wanted the whole herd is driven in.

The ranch building is most picturesque. From the low, long veranda, shaded by leafy cottonwoods, one can look across sand bars to a strip of meadow behind which rises the sheer cliffs. From the doorway of his ranch Mr. Roosevelt has killed a deer, and big game abounds in the vicinity. He has worked here in a flannel shirt and overalls tucked into alligator boots, side by side with his cowboys during many an exciting round-up, at night to sleep on bear skins and buffalo robes, trophies of his skill as a hunter.

When he first went West they called him the "four-eyed tenderfoot"—at least did some of cowboys who did not know him, for his reputation for courage was there before him, and a certain ranchman who shared that reputation said he would like to run across such a "tenderfoot;" if he did, he was "going to fill him full of holes." This remark was carried to Mr.

Roosevelt, who turned his horse and rode over toward his neighbor's house. Just what happened there no one knows, but neither of them was hurt and the ranchman thereafter was a good friend of the "tenderfoot."

There are really no limits to the ranch property. The Bad Lands are unsurveyed government land, and from their nature can never be used for any other purpose than the present. The cattle range for miles and miles undisturbed. When left alone they naturally locate themselves, and the bulk of the herd can be found within a radius of forty miles, though scattered bands may drift as far as two hundred miles from the home ranch. A system of round-ups insures their recovery. Mr. Roosevelt owns two brands—the "Elkhorn" and the "Maltese Cross." The Elkhorn ranch is located thirty miles down the river from Medora. It was originally intended to be the home ranch, and the buildings are much more elaborate and expensive than the Maltese Cross. But the two have been consolidated and administered from the latter, it being a superior location.

When Theodore Roosevelt first set foot in Medora, in the early eighties, carrying a valise and a rifle, he was a fair-haired young fellow, and strangely in contrast with the tough cowboys and bad Indians who congregated in front of Big Mouth Bob's saloon. The "tenderfoot" did not care for the moral atmosphere of his new surroundings. He had gone there for buffalo hunting, and so he promptly employed as guide a young fellow named Sylvane Ferris, who thought it great sport to take a near-sighted "dude" hunting buffalo in those appalling Bad Lands. He came back with a profound respect for the "four-eyed tenderfoot." He found he could ride straight and shoot straight and take his medicine like a man. The acquaintance grew to friendship, and the guide was made Mr. Roosevelt's trusted manager of his large cattle interests.

The hunting instincts of the young New Yorker did not blind his keen business sagacity. The Bad Lands fairly swarmed with all manner of game. Elk, deer, and mountain sheep were particularly abundant. Why

should not a country which supported them so bountifully support cattle? He visited the ranch again the next summer, and Sylvane Ferris was waiting for him, and at the hunter's shack at Chimney Butte the nucleus of the great herd was begun, and on the receipt of one dollar each, lawful currency, the respective secretaries of the Dakota and Montana Live Stock Associations duly declared Theodore Roosevelt a member and entitled to the benefit of their laws.

He hunted all sorts of big game during his second sojourn in the Bad Lands, and upon these hunting trips penetrated the wilds of Idaho and Montana. Once, while alone in Idaho, he was charged by a wounded grizzly bear, and here is his own description of what he calls "his most thrilling moment:"

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white

fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him, as he topped it, with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles

seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

When Roosevelt stocked his ranch with sixty head of wild horses, it was no small task to break them to the bridle. He took an active part in the work. One chilly morning the round-up had assembled at the old log camp range. The horses were driven in at daylight with frost on their humped-up backs. After being corralled, each rider selected his mount for the day. Mr. Roosevelt threw his lasso on a long-legged, Roman-nosed bay. They called him "Ben Butler," and he was a vicious buckner; besides, he was in a very bad humor. He rolled his wall eyes in a nasty way as his rider threw on the heavy stock saddle and drew the double hair cinches tight. It was an off morning; all the horses were behaving badly. Two men were already on the ground, while the best rider in the outfit was bleeding at the nose. Undaunted, the New Yorker swung quickly into the saddle and braced himself for

the shock; but the old Ben was foxy, he meekly walked off, but the nasty look in his eye remained. A short distance in front was a narrow ravine, though not too deep to cross. Ben cantered meekly along until this place was reached. Suddenly, with a bawl like a branded calf, he went into the air and came down with a grunt, legs rigid and nose between front feet. He had gotten his head. Up he went again, while his rider rapidly braced back until his shoulders almost touched the horse's rump. But old Ben did a trick which flesh and blood can't stand; he "sunfished," or, springing into the air, he rapidly reversed ends and came down on his front legs, in an almost perpendicular position. Mr. Roosevelt did what the best rider in the outfit would have done under the circumstances, he came off. Somebody lassoed the runaway and brought him back, and though the rider looked pale and drawn, he insisted upon mounting the horse again, which he did; but he did not tell until some time after that three of his ribs were broken.

He remained at his work during the summer

as steadily as his most trusted cowboy. He was like the others, too, excepting that he carried a razor and kept his face clean, and read books in his idle moments. Every cowboy for a hundred miles around admired his outfit. His saddle made in Denver, was beautifully embossed and stamped with his monogram. It weighed forty-five pounds, and was worth one hundred and fifty dollars. His bit and spurs were beautifully inlaid with silver, and his "chapps" real angora. A braided quirt, and a wide belt and holster, holding an exquisite pearl-handled, silver-mounted revolver, completed his cowboy rig. He had all manner and conditions of rifles. One, in particular, was beautifully finished, the polished stock and falling block of which were inlaid with solid gold plates, exquisitely engraved with hunting scenes. He did not use this rifle much, but preferred a plainer one for actual work.

Mr. Roosevelt is considered a good rifle shot, particularly at running shots, and long range work, which requires quick and accurate judgment of sight and distance—all the more sur-

prising as he sights through his glasses. However he is not vain of his prowess as a marksman, for he has said: "I myself am not and never will be more than an ordinary shot, for my eyes are bad and my hand not over steady; yet I have killed every kind of game to be found on the plains, partly because I have hunted very perseveringly, and partly because by practice I have learned to shoot about as well at a wild animal as at a target."

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* writing from Medora, in 1895, tells an incident which is indicative of the mettle in the make up of Mr. Roosevelt. The incident was this: "For a long time after he had established his ranches the feeling between the outlaw element and the cattlemen ran high. It culminated in a meeting, held in a little, unfinished freight shanty at Medora, for the purpose of banding the cattle owners together for mutual protection. It was openly hinted that a certain deputy sheriff was in collusion with the tough element. Not more than a score of quiet, determined men made up the meeting. The

sheriff was present, an interested spectator. After some preliminary forms of organization, Mr. Roosevelt got up and addressed the meeting, or rather, addressed the sheriff. Never in the history of the frontier has such a speech been listened to. He openly accused the sheriff of dishonesty and incompetence, and with the reflected light from the officer's pearl-handled revolver at his belt flashing across his gold-rimmed glasses, the speaker scored him as a man unworthy and unfit for his office. It is one thing to deliver a fiery accusation of general or personal charges at a crowded meeting of law-abiding people. It is another to coolly stand before a silent handful of frontiersmen and openly accuse one of dishonesty. Death stares closely in the face the man who dares attempt it, for these men, bred in isolation, are sensitive to the quick on their personal honor, and an accusation that would be laughed at in Cooper Union would eat out a man's heart here. With downcast head the sheriff said never a word, but his prestige was gone forever."

Mr. Roosevelt not only roughed it in the Bad Lands with his cattle punchers and in the pursuit of big game, but he roughed it also in the pursuit of knowledge. He took his favorite books with him everywhere—not only the books on hunting and natural history, but the works of Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, and others. Among his poets most beloved was Robert Burns, and I am told he has been seen reading from a small volume of Burns while in the saddle rounding up his cattle.

Nothing to my mind shows the character of the man and his reading more than an incident told me recently by Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, the publisher of this humble chronicle. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Neely were fellow passengers on a stagecoach in Yellowstone Park. For several days they traveled together and Mr. Neely declares that Mr. Roosevelt carried under his arm a volume of Knight's "History of England," which he read at every opportunity. Imagine the spectacle, ye lotus eaters and pleasure seekers, a man ignoring the natural beauties of the Yellowstone, for the "History of England."

In his well-known volume "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," Mr. Roosevelt tells much of his own life in the saddle and with his rifle, and in this book he has incorporated the personal experiences and the reading of a scholar and thinker who has come into contact with the roughest and most exacting conditions of frontier life.

Of late years his official duties have claimed much of his time, and his visits to the Western ranch have been far from numerous, but I venture that the heart of Theodore Roosevelt often turns with longing to the giant peaks and desolate buttes of his beloved Bad Lands.

VII.

THE AUTHOR AND THE HISTORIAN.

“The impartial soberness of history, warmed and colored by a lively imagination.”

As an author Theodore Roosevelt first received a general introduction to the American people. To-day his political fame overshadows his reputation as a writer. Were he but the man of letters, rather than the man of public affairs, he would stand in the front rank of American authorship. One marvels at the outset how so busy a man could have found the time and the patience to write history and adventure as well as essays on political economy. The astonishing amount of mental labor performed by Mr. Roosevelt during his brief career, only shows the vitality which seems to be perennial in his make-up.

His earliest literary attempts were connected

—not with politics—but with war. His first serious work, at Harvard College, was his contributions to the *Harvard Advocate*, but he had previously commenced an historical work, which was completed and published in the second year after his graduation, when he was perhaps not over twenty-four years of age. This was an octavo volume entitled “The Naval War of 1812; or, the History of the United States Navy During the Last War with Great Britain.”

The book was received by the critics and the reviewers as a clever and original production, the author being young, unknown, and unheralded. The *New York Times* declared that the work “shows in so young an author the best promise for a good historian—fearlessness of statement, caution, endeavor to be impartial, and a brisk and interesting way of telling events.” Another critic in the *Philadelphia Times* said: “The reader of Mr. Roosevelt’s book unconsciously makes up his mind that he is reading history and not romance, and yet no romance could surpass it in interest.” The

editor of Harper's *Monthly* pronounced it, "The most accurate, as it certainly is the most cool and impartial, and in some respects the most intrepid account that has yet appeared of the naval actions of the War of 1812."

The publishers of this book were G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York, who have also published other of Mr. Roosevelt's later volumes. "The Naval War of 1812," is now in its seventh edition, and for many years it has been looked upon as a standard work of authority. Originally it was the author's intention to supplement the naval history with a companion volume, in which he intended dealing with the operations on land, but in the third edition he states in a new preface that on examination he found that they were scarcely worth serious study. In lieu of the companion volume, however, he added a tenth chapter to his naval history, in which he gives a detailed and graphic account of the battle of New Orleans, the crowning event of the war. In this he also devotes much space to an account of Andrew Jackson's character and peculiarities, as well

as to the Tennessee volunteers, on whom Jackson relied for victory instead of on the regular troops at New Orleans.

The brilliant soldiery of the Tennessee volunteers at once reminds one of the Rough Riders in our late war with Spain. The author's description of these Tennessee rangers is full of the picturesqueness of the Rough Rider. Here is a pen picture: "They were gaunt of form and grim of face, with their powder horns slung over their buckskin shirts; carrying their long rifles over their shoulders and their heavy hunting knives stuck in their belts; with their coonskin caps and fringed leggings; thus came the grizzly warriors of the backwoods, the heroes of Horseshoe Bend, the victors over Spaniard and Indian, eager to pit themselves against the trained regulars of Britain, and to throw down the gauge of battle to the world-renowned infantry of the island English. Accustomed to the most lawless freedom, and to giving full reign to the full violence of their passions, defiant of discipline and impatient of the slightest restraint; caring little for God and nothing for

man, they were soldiers who, under an ordinary commander, would have been fully as dangerous to themselves and their leaders as to their foes. But Andrew Jackson was of all men the one best fitted to manage such troops. Even their fierce natures quailed before the ungovernable fury of a spirit greater than their own; and their sullen, stubborn wills were bent at last before his unyielding temper and iron hand."

In his naval history Mr. Roosevelt said of the American sailor: "There were no better seamen in the world than the American Jack; he had been bred to his work from his infancy, and had been off in a fishing dory almost as soon as he could walk. When he grew older, he shipped on a merchantman or whaler, and in those warlike times, when our merchant marine was compelled to rely pretty much on itself for protection, each craft had to be handled well; all who were not were soon weeded out by a process of natural selection of which the agents were French Picaroons, Spanish buccaneers, and Malay pirates. It was a rough school, but

it taught Jack to be both skillful and self-reliant."

Mr. Roosevelt while making his researches among the naval archives at Washington, found much material which had hitherto been untouched by historians. He was unable, however, to obtain access to the original reports of the British commanders, the logs of the British ships, or their muster rolls, and so was obliged to take the matter second hand from the *Gazette*, or *Naval Chronicle*. The Roosevelt "History" is valued in England, and is authoritatively quoted in Brassy's naval annual.

The second book written by this ambitious author appeared in 1885, from the Putnam press. The title was "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman; Being Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains." The volume bore this dedication:

TO THAT
KEENEST OF SPORTSMEN
AND
TRUEST OF FRIENDS
MY BROTHER
ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT.

The major portion of this large and elaborate work of ranch life and sporting adventure, was written at Chimney Butte Ranch, near Medora, Dakota, during the author's sojourn there between sessions of the New York State Legislature.

Like its predecessor the volume was well received by press and public, and was given unusual notice abroad. The London *Spectator* in its review said: "He must be a hopeless reader who does not rise from this book with a new and vivid sense of 'the fascination of the vastness, loneliness, and monotony of the prairies,' and of 'the sad and everlasting unrest of the wilderness,' of the Big Horn Mountains. The charm about this ranchman as author is that he is every inch a gentleman sportsman. The book may claim an honorable place on the shelf with Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler" and Waterton's "Wanderings;" it is certain to receive a wide and permanent popularity." Loud were the praises also of the London *Saturday Review*, which was prompted to say: "One of the rare books which sportsmen will be glad to

add to their libraries. . . . Mr. Roosevelt may rank with Scrope, Lloyd, Harris, St. John, and half a dozen others, whose books will always be among the sporting classics."

Here is a picturesque paragraph from Mr. Roosevelt's second book: "For nine hours we rode steadily across the moonlit prairie. The hoof-beats of our horses rang out in steady rhythm through the silence of the night, otherwise unbroken, save now and then by the wailing cry of a coyote. The rolling plains stretched out on all sides of us, shimmering in the clear moonlight, and occasionally a band of spectral-looking antelopes swept silently away from before our party."

Mr. Roosevelt's third book on Western life appeared in 1888, under the title "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," being published by the Century Company. In 1893, the firm of Putnams issued "The Wilderness Hunters," which is a continuation of the same subject. These three volumes are illustrated by Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Henry Sandham, and others. The last-named volume, as the *Liter-*

ary News describes it, is "A book which breathes the spirit of the wilderness and presents a vivid picture of a phase of American life which is rapidly passing away, with clear, incisive force." The three volumes stand to-day the classics of big game hunting in North America, and are to be found in nearly every club library in the world.

The second historical work of Mr. Roosevelt was the "Life of Thomas H. Benton," which was written at the request of John T. Morse, Jr., the editor of the "American Statesman" Series, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. He also wrote, a year or two later, the "Life of Gouverneur Morris" for the same series. Both books were valuable additions to American history. "To some persons," says the *New York Times*, "The Life of Benton is perhaps a more entertaining work than the life of Morris, because the former treats of the epoch preceding the great civil war. Mr. Roosevelt begins with a brief history of the then youthful West, or Southwest, rehearsing the growth of the section and commenting on its people and their

customs. He contrasts the jovial ruffians of the West and the fire-eaters of the South with the 'universal-peace' people of the Northeast, showing that in the end a class of non-combatants is hurtful to a country, and that a national folly may be as bad as a national vice or worse."

While a Civil Service Commissioner, Mr. Roosevelt produced a series of four books which he considers his *magnum opus*. These volumes form the "Winning of the West" series and are as follows:

Vol. I. From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, 1769-1776.

Vol. II. From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, 1776-1783.

Vol. III. The Founding of the Trans-Alleghany Commonwealths, 1784-1790.

Vol. IV. Louisiana and the Northwest, 1791-1809.

During his researches in obtaining material for these volumes the author worked for some weeks in the famous library of Colonel Reuben T. Durrett of Louisville, Ky., and also obtained

access to the Haldimand papers, which are preserved in the Canadian archives at Ottawa. They enabled him to give for the first time the British and Indian side of the Northwestern fighting.

These books on our Western history made the author famous on two continents. His publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, have issued many editions, in order to meet the constant demand. The London *Spectator* pronounces the work "A lucid, interesting narrative, written with the impartial soberness of history, warmed and colored by a lively imagination. . . . The work is admirably done, and forms a valuable contribution to the history of the country."

Other books by Mr. Roosevelt following in quick succession were "The History of New York City," published by Longmans, Green & Co., in 1890; "Hero Tales from American History," by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, issued in 1895 by the Century Company; "Essays of Practical Politics," and "American Ideals," a volume of essays recently published by the Putnams. The latter

volume is a book on manly virtues, practical politics, and State legislation, and is full of inspiration for every true American, a stalwart appreciation of homely goodness. "Love of order," he says, in one of these essays, "ability to fight well and breed well, capacity to subordinate the interests of the individual to the interests of the community—these and similar rather humdrum qualities go to make up the sum of social efficiency."

In the London *Athenæum's* review of "American Ideals," both the book and the author are freely praised; sometimes slightly at the expense of this country and of that political life to which, we are told, Mr. Roosevelt, "qualifying himself for success by sound mental training, has devoted his energies and abilities."

There are some strong utterances and unique word structures in the preface to "American Ideals" that I deem well worth quoting. "It is not difficult to be virtuous in a cloistered and negative way," he begins, "neither is it difficult to succeed after a fashion in active life,

if one is content to disregard the considerations which bind honorable and upright men. But it is by no means easy to combine honesty and efficiency; and yet it is absolutely necessary, in order to do any work really worth doing. No one quality or one virtue is enough to insure success; vigor, honesty, common sense—all are needed.”

As an example of Mr. Roosevelt's literary versatility I may mention the fact that he has written a number of valuable papers for scientific journals on the discrimination of species and sub-species of the larger mammals of the West. Indeed, a species of elk is named after him.

His contributions to magazine and periodical literature have been many and varied. In the *Forum*, the *Century*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines he has published political and other essays, and for *Scribner's Magazine* he has written an account of the part taken by the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. Throughout all his literary work one finds his own personality predominat-

ing, and observations of this character are not infrequent:

“As a civilized people we desire peace, but the only peace worth having is obtained by instant readiness to fight when wronged.”

VIII.

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER.

“ He was firmly convinced that the spoilsman was as bad as the bribe-giver.”

IN April, 1889, Mr. Roosevelt was appointed a Civil Service Commissioner by President Harrison as a recognition of his long and relentless warfare on political jobbery and corruption. He threw himself actively into the work of Civil Service reform and was retained as a Republican member of the Commission by President Cleveland. His record was one which gained him many friends and many enemies, for he was bitterly aggressive in his long fight against the abuse of the spoils system. By his work, the limits of the classified service were extended by the inclusion of about fourteen thousand places. He was the first to enforce the Civil Service laws so rigidly that educated

colored men in the service of the Government were rendered secure in their positions. When he accepted the position he was convinced that the spoilsman was as bad as the bribe-giver. During his six years of office as president of the Commission—four years under Harrison, and two years under Cleveland, he displayed a skill amounting often to real genius, in the way he handled obstreperous legislators and accomplished his ends in spite of all opposition.

As a Civil Service Commissioner, Mr. Roosevelt stood for several years, in the public eye, substantially for the whole Commission. He no sooner became identified with it than his aggressive traits began to manifest themselves. He was not content to let the commission be a merely receptive and mechanical body, confining its operations to the holding of examinations and the publication of reports. He notified President Harrison promptly of the extensions and improvements in the classified service which he deemed it important to make, and he never lost an opportunity of pressing these suggestions afresh, both privately and publicly.

Recognizing the especial responsibility of a party man with high ideals to hold his own fellow partisans up to the mark, he spared not the best of his friends when he found them derelict in their observance of both letter and spirit of the Civil Service Law. His first resort in these cases, of course, was to the President, before whom he would lay a full statement of the facts brought out by the most searching inquiry the Commission had power to make. But he did not stop there. After waiting as long as official courtesy required, and failing in his effort to procure the correction of the wrong and the punishment of the wrongdoer, he would turn all the facts over to the press, that the public might draw its own conclusions. The result of this policy of candor was that the Commission acquired the confidence and respect of the country. The people at large, who always believe that concealment means something bad to conceal, learned to feel that here was one branch of the Government establishment which performed its functions in a glass house, and therefore evidently had nothing of which to be ashamed.

Upon the retirement of President Harrison, and the incoming of a new executive, there was a perfectly frank and highly creditable understanding between Mr. Roosevelt and President Cleveland. The President knew that the Commissioner would not consent to stay in office on any terms which would cut off his authority to investigate whatever he believed to be bad, or circumscribe his privilege of free speech. The Commissioner, receiving the President's assurances on this point, accepted them in the same good faith in which he would wish his own word taken, and continued the policy which he had pursued steadily under Mr. Harrison. By the country at large, although a Republican serving in a Democratic administration, he was still regarded as substantially the Commission itself. Commissioner Johnston's removal, and the appointment of Mr. John R. Proctor to fill the vacancy thus created, did not change the situation, Mr. Proctor being known chiefly to the scientific world and little to the general public.

Mr. Roosevelt's individual prominence con-

tinued under Democratic rule because he found in Mr. Proctor a thoroughly congenial colleague, a man of unflinching courage like his own, of similar frankness of nature, and with pronounced views as sound as those he held himself. If they had differed on essential points, the difference would have become known to the country, and Mr. Roosevelt's personal supremacy would have been menaced. As a matter of fact, the momentum of Mr. Roosevelt's aggressive policy carried it over from the Harrison into the Cleveland era, and Mr. Proctor joined heartily in sustaining it. But Mr. Proctor, so far from being dominated by his colleague, usually led the way.

Nothing remains extant more forcible or characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's commissionership than a letter written by him under date of April 29, 1895, to Mr. Judson Grenell of Detroit, Mich., who had taken a civil service examination for assistant statistician in the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Roosevelt wrote in reply to a letter received from Mr. Grenell, and following are some of the pointed paragraphs of the Commissioner's letter:

"The Commission cannot spend its time in answering questions asked from mere curiosity. If it should tell every applicant the averages of all other applicants in an examination it would need to have an additional force of clerks for that purpose. . . . You say that there is a growing contempt for the Civil Service Law. My experience is directly the opposite, and I am positive that the contempt of which you speak exists only in the minds of the very ignorant, and that these very ignorant are less numerous, so far as this subject is concerned, than they were only a few years ago, and grow less numerous year by year. . . .

"There is no 'shell separating the commission from the outer world.' All that we do is perfectly open. The registers for the ordinary positions are made public as soon as the papers are marked. In the case of special examinations, where there would be a chance of exercising political pressure or personal favoritism, the registers are not made public until after the appointments have been made. . . .

"The past year has witnessed greater prog-

ress toward the full accomplishment of the Reform idea in national, State, and municipal government, taken as a whole, than any other year since the original law was passed.

“Very respectfully,

“THEODORE ROOSEVELT.”

Occasionally members of Congress attacked the Commission and in certain instances Commissioner Roosevelt regarded the attack sufficiently important to warrant a sharp reply. Here is a characteristic Roosevelt letter addressed to the chairman of the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service of the Fifty-third Congress; under date of May 25, 1894:

“Congressman Williams, of Mississippi, attacked the Commission in substance because, under the Commission, white men and men of color are treated with exact impartiality. As to this I have only to say, that so long as the present commissioners continue their official existence they will not make, and so far as in their power lies, will refuse to allow others to make any discrimination whatsoever for or

against any man because of his color, any more than because of his politics or religion. We do equal and exact justice to all, and I challenge Mr. Williams or any one else to show a single instance where the Commission has failed to do this. Mr. Williams specified the Railway Mail Service in Mississippi as being one in which negroes are employed. The books of the Railway Mail Service for the division including South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi were shown me yesterday, and according to these books about three-fourth of the employees are white and one-fourths colored. Under the last administration it was made a reproach to us that we did full and entire justice to the Southern Democrats, and that through our examinations many hundreds of them entered the classified service, although under a Republican Administration. Exactly in the same way it is now made a reproach to us that under our examinations honest and capable colored men are given an even chance with honest and capable white men. I esteem this reproach a high compliment to the Commis-

sion, for it is an admission that the Commission has rigidly done its duty as required by law without regard to politics or religion and without regard to color.

“Very respectfully,

“THEODORE ROOSEVELT.”

The crowning result of Mr. Roosevelt's commissionership was the establishment of a new classified service under the Civil Service rules by President Cleveland, who on the sixth day of May, 1896, signed an order the effect of which was to place under the civil service rules 29,399 positions hitherto unclassified, bringing the total of classified positions to 85,135, and virtually completing that part of the work of civil service reform contemplated by the act of 1883.

Mr. Roosevelt resigned his commissionership in May 1895, to accept the position offered him by Mayor William L. Strong, on the New York Police Board, but before his retirement he had so far advanced the work of perfecting the new classified service, that the work he

thus commenced was faithfully carried out by President Cleveland.

The new system of classified service repeals all previous rules and classifications, and establishes practically a system, on a basis radically different from that which it replaces. The old complicated rules, which numbered fifty-three, were arranged under ten different titles, and filled nearly thirty pages of small print. These are swept away, and in their place appears a simple code of a dozen, expressed briefly and concisely. Under their provisions the executive service is divided into five branches. Every office or employment in each now existing or hereafter created, with the exception of offices filled subject to confirmation by the Senate, and positions in the ordinary labor service, is included in the classification. Every position so classified is subject to competitive examination unless specifically exempted by order of the President; thus reversing the old plan under which every position was exempt until specially classified. The five branches are designated as follows: The Departmental Service, the Custom

House Service, the Postal Service, the Government Printing Service, and the Internal Revenue Service. An important feature of re-classification is the absence of specific titles or salaries in describing the places classified, and the substitution of a classification by duties or functions. This shuts the door against a hundred possible abuses. It does away wholly with the spoilsman's trick of abolishing one position, named in the rules, and creating another, under a new name, but with the same duties, so as to allow the arbitrary appointment of a favorite. Another noteworthy feature is the recognition of the Civil Service Commission as the supervisor of the entire system of promotions.

The trade marks of Theodore Roosevelt's honesty and efficiency were thus stamped indelibly upon the Civil Service Commission of the Government, and the work he did, and the good he accomplished while a commissioner, will remain protected and secure for many years to come.

IX.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER.

“He would punish the corrupt; he would advance those who did their duty.”

WILLIAM L. STRONG, elected a reform mayor of New York City, assumed the municipal government January 1, 1895. In casting about for men to fill high office positions, who were brave enough to carry out the principles of reform in all branches of city government, the new mayor turned with enthusiasm to Theodore Roosevelt, and first offered him the position of Street Cleaning Commissioner, afterward so admirably filled by Colonel George W. Waring. Mr. Roosevelt accepted the office of Police Commissioner, after two declinations, and then only on the assurance given by Mayor Strong that his associates would be men who could be relied upon to act with thorough inde-

pendence of party in the management of the police force, and that the commissioners were to have absolute control over the entire force. As to himself he made the solemn pledge that though always a strong Republican in his private views he would as Police Commissioner pay no heed to party considerations either in shaping the policy of the Commission or in appointing or removing men on the force.

On May 6, 1895, Mr. Roosevelt became the President of the new Board of Police Commissioners. This was bi-partisan in character, according to the terms of the act previously passed at Albany. Theodore Roosevelt and Frederick D. Grant were Republicans. Avery D. Andrews and Andrew D. Parker were Democrats. They were directly responsible to the public, and the Chief of Police was responsible to them.

It will be remembered by the readers of this little volume, who have followed Mr. Roosevelt's career with me, that ten years before, while a legislator at Albany, he had been chairman of a committee sent to investigate rumored

abuses in the New York Police Department. The investigation had been crowded into three weeks. Nevertheless Mr. Roosevelt's report had pointed out the vices of the police system, and traced them to the right sources, the intrusion of politics into a department whose proper work was the preventing and detecting of crime and the executing of the laws, and the lack of any well-defined responsibility on the part of either the commissioners or the Chief of Police. Another Legislative Committee, known as the Lexow Committee, had been at work shortly before the new Police Board was organized. The Lexow investigation had shown that not merely the rank and file of the force, not merely roundsmen and patrolmen, but even captains, inspectors, and police commissioners had formed part of a gigantic ring to levy blackmail upon liquor dealers and keepers of evil resorts and to accept bribes for "protecting" them in law-breaking. The New York police force, known far and wide as "the finest in the world," was in exceedingly bad odor, and it was not surprising that on May 13th, the new Bi-Partisan

Board of Police Commissioners decided that the annual parade of the police should not take place. This act was but the commencement of an era of police reform.

“Within a month,” says a well-known magazine—*McClure's*—“Mr. Roosevelt was the most hated as well as the best beloved man in New York. With characteristic clearness of vision he had determined at once on a course of action, and having determined upon it he proceeded with something of the energy of a steam engine to put it into force. His reasoning had all the simplicity of originality. He was appointed to enforce the laws as they appeared on the statute books. He enforced them. That was originality; it rarely had been done before. The excise law compelling saloons to close on Sunday had been enforced against the poorer saloon keepers in order that the police might levy blackmail on the wealthy liquor dealers. Mr. Roosevelt enforced it impartially against both rich and poor. To him a dead letter law was as bad as hypocrisy in the church.”

When the leading newspapers and influential

citizens entered their protests, the characteristic Roosevelt answer came:

“I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don’t like the law, repeal it.”

He knew men and motives so well, he felt convinced that the majority of the members of the police force were sound at heart, and that under proper control they would prove faithful, honorable and effective officers. The fault was with the system, for a good man and an honest man who went to work under a dishonest inspector naturally would grow discouraged on seeing that he was constantly passed by for men less scrupulous. Given a chance to work under an organization which would reward morality and not corruption his better nature would reassert itself. In little speeches of instruction that Mr. Roosevelt gave to the rank and file he appealed to their better nature. He assured them that their positions and their chances of preferment depended upon their good conduct and upon that alone.

In order to satisfy himself that his police

orders were obeyed and that the reforms he recommended were carried out, he pursued the simple, effective method of visiting the patrolmen of the force on their beats at night. On one of his incognito tours he discovered two roundsmen failing in their duty. He reduced them. Two were chosen for promotion—one of them a man who at the risk of his life had captured a dangerous burglar, the other a man who at similar risk had saved a family from a burning building. Some of the politicians came to him and protested. They urged that the roundsmen reduced were American Protestant Republicans, and that the men who were promoted were Irish Catholics and Democrats. He answered that he cared nothing for that. If they did not do their duty their heads would come off.

“In administering the police force,” he says, “we found that there was no need of genius, nor, indeed, of any very unusual qualities. What was needed was exercise of the plain, ordinary virtues of a rather commonplace type, which all good citizens should be ex-

pected to possess. Common sense, common honesty, courage, energy, resolution, readiness to learn, and desire to be as pleasant as was compatible with the strict performance of duty—these were the qualities most called for.”

The brief story of the fall of Byrnes, the Superintendent of Police, the once mighty power, who now lies in oblivion, is soon told. The connection of Byrnes with the Goulds, through whose advice he is said to have prospered in Wall Street, and his negligence in permitting the captains under him to shirk their duties had given rise to unpleasant suspicions. Under pressure of threatened charges by Dr. Parkhurst, the mighty Byrnes handed in his resignation, and was promptly retired on a yearly pension of three thousand dollars, in favor of Inspector Peter F. Conlin. Thus the reorganization of the police force was made complete.

Alone, almost unaided, Mr. Roosevelt then made himself master of the situation. He had enlisted a regiment of enemies. The whole city seemed against this one man who had the courage and bravery of his convictions. There

was no abatement in the corrupt system of blackmail and saloon and brothel-taxation, and Mr. Roosevelt found that the law gave him no power to dismiss the hopelessly bad men. He applied to the legislature, but it would not change the law. He remained firm, nevertheless, in his demands that the laws as he found them on the statute books should be enforced, especially the laws which concerned liquor selling during the forbidden days and hours.

It was a critical time for the intrepid commissioner. His life was threatened. The sensational newspapers attacked him with bitter malice, a part even of his own board was against him, but he never wavered.

He saw the only way to succeed was to fight the saloon—the principal source of all police corruption. He attacked the great municipal octopus—the rum power—he attacked it right flank, left flank, on all sides. He closed the saloon tight as a drum. He shut up side doors and rear entrances. The town was in an uproar—upon the verge of a revolution. All manner of influence was brought to bear, but to

no purpose. He rose in almost a night from a city servant to a king, and he conquered. People saw that "bluff" would not win; threats had no effect; entreaties were of no avail, and finally the police themselves commenced to dread seeing his well-known face, and they concluded that "the old man meant business." They did their full duty then, and with an army of faithful patrolmen following his flag, this new conqueror of vice and crime in Gotham was crowned with victory. Then came intrigue, connivance, falsehood and corruption in high places, and all the work of the Police Commissioners was undone, and New York went back to Tammany, to wallow in the mire and muck and stench of Crokerism.

Theodore Roosevelt emerged from all this hideousness and hastened to Washington to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. But among the rank and file of the police to this day there exists real and genuine regard for the ex-commissioner.

In September, 1897, Mr. Roosevelt contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, a paper en-

titled, "Administering the New York Police Force," which contribution was later included in his much admired volume of essays, "American Ideals." In this article he tells some forcible and interesting truths.

"It is not a pleasant thing," he says, "to deal with criminals and purveyors of vice. It is very rough work, and it cannot always be done in a nice manner. The man with the night stick, the man in the blue coat with the helmet, can keep order and repress open violence on the streets; but most kinds of crime and vice are ordinarily carried on furtively and by stealth, perhaps at night, perhaps behind closed doors. . . . The Tammany officials of New York, headed by the Comptroller, made a systematic effort to excite public hostility against the police for their warfare on vices. The law-breaking liquor seller, the keeper of disorderly houses, and the gambler had been influential allies of Tammany, and heavy contributors to its campaign chest. Naturally Tammany fought for them; and the effective way in which to carry on such a fight was to

portray with gross exaggerations and misstatements the methods necessarily employed by every police force which honestly endeavors to do its work. The methods are unpleasant, just as the methods employed in any surgical operations are unpleasant. . . . Tammany of course found its best allies in the sensational newspapers. Of all the forces that tend for evil in a great city like New York, probably none are so potent as the sensational papers. Until one has had experience with them it is difficult to realize the reckless indifference to truth or indecency displayed by papers such as the two that have the largest circulation in New York City. . . . The one all-important element in good citizenship in our country is obedience to law, and nothing is more needed than the resolute enforcement of the law. This we gave. . . . We enforced the laws as they were on the statute books, we broke up blackmail, we kept down the spirit of disorder, and we administered the force with an eye single to the welfare of the city. In doing this, we encountered, as we had expected, the venomous opposition

of all men whose interest it was that corruption should continue, or who were of such dull morality that they were not willing to see honesty triumph at the cost of strife.”

X.

THE NAVAL SECRETARY.

“If it had not been for Roosevelt we should not have been able to strike the blow at Manila.”

WHEN on the 6th of April, 1897, Theodore Roosevelt was called to Washington by President McKinley, to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a wave of trepidation swept through the conservative Navy Department. A clerk in one of the offices afterward remarked: “The office was thrown in quite a state of excitement when we learned that Mr. Roosevelt was to be our chief. This was probably due to the many rumors we had heard of his penchant for turning things upside down, as he was not known personally to any of us.” There was not a man in the department, however, from chief to messenger who did not know Mr. Roosevelt by

reputation. They knew his civil service record and his work on the New York Police Board.

“Many were the conjectures,” writes Judge Advocate General Samuel C. Lemly of the Navy, “as to what course the new appointee would pursue in the Navy Department. For his reputation as a reformer was both great and widespread, and in truth, none of us was ready to admit the need for his own reformation. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt had never served in a subordinate capacity. How, then, would he drop into such a position? Could he follow and assist as well as lead and command? I recall distinctly that, thanks to the vigilance of our librarian, copies of the various books which the new appointee had written suddenly appeared in the Navy Department Library, and there was such a demand for these books that I had to wait until my senior officers had read before I could even have so much as a look at them. Although necessarily new to naval methods and administration, Mr. Roosevelt had long been a student of naval matters, historical and otherwise. I for one soon found that he

possessed, having a most retentive memory, a very remarkable knowledge of the technique of the new Navy, and I was in consequence constantly surprised at his off-hand but invariably correct statement of the batteries, horse-power, speed, thickness of armor, and other characteristics of our own and foreign naval vessels recently built, as well as those under construction."

The new Assistant Secretary very quickly made himself master of the duties of his office and entered upon his work with the same marvelous energy which had always characterized him. He foresaw that the United States must shortly have active use for the Navy, and he directed all his force to increasing its efficiency. He spent money with a lavish hand for powder and projectiles and insisted upon plenty of practice at targets. He had especial charge of the personnel and the material of the Naval Militia and in this work he took unusual interest. Certain other particular duties assigned him—for under the law creating the office, which is merely followed by the Naval Regu-

lations, the Assistant Secretary is required to "perform such duties as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Navy, or required by law"—were the general administration of marine corps matters, and repairs to vessels fitting out at navy yards and refitting of vessels at such yards and elsewhere.

Two months after he assumed office, the Assistant Secretary, while on a visit of inspection to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, addressed a class of naval cadets on Washington's forgotten maxim: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace." He argued in this address, not that we were preparing for war, but that preparation for war was the surest guaranty for peace. He believed that arbitration was an excellent thing, but that ultimately to have this country at peace with foreign nations, was to place reliance upon a first-class fleet of first-class battleships, rather than upon any arbitration treaty man could devise.

"We but keep to the traditions of Washington," said Mr. Roosevelt, "to the traditions of

all great Americans who struggled for the real greatness of America, when we strive to build up those fighting qualities for the lack of which in a nation, as in an individual, no refinement, no culture, no wealth, no material prosperity, can atone. While we are sincere and earnest in our advocacy of peace, we must not forget that an ignoble peace is worse than any war. We should engrave in our legislative halls those splendid lines of Lowell:

“ ‘ Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost and dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell of triumph tasted! ’

“All the great masterful races have been fighting races. Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin. The timid man who cannot fight, or the selfish, short-sighted, or foolish man who will not take the steps that will enable him to fight, stand on almost the same plane.”

He told these young naval cadets, of the Navy of 1812, of its weaknesses and shortcomings, and pointed out the value of a navy to the

North in the Civil War. Possessed of a foresight quite as remarkable as his knowledge of the subject upon which he spoke, Mr. Roosevelt made at this time, almost a year before war was declared with Spain, the following significant utterances:

“The enemies we may have to face will come from over sea; they may come from Europe, or they may come from Asia. Events move fast in the West; but this generation has been forced to see that they move even faster in the oldest East. Our interests are as great in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, in the Hawaiian Islands as in the West Indies. Merely for the protection of our own shores, we need a great navy; and what is more, we need it to protect our interests in the islands from which it is possible to command our shores and to protect our commerce on the high seas.”

During the summer of 1897, Mr. Roosevelt, true to his instincts and his precepts, continued to familiarize himself with the possible needs of the navy in the event of war. After that, he began to buy guns, ammunition, and provi-

sions, and insisted on more extended gunnery practice. He hurried the work on the new war ships, and ordered repairs on the old ones; he directed that the crew of every ship be recruited to its full strength; and he filled the bins of every naval supply station with coal. Months before the gallant cruiser *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor, Mr. Roosevelt said to a friend in New York: "We shall be compelled to fight Spain within a year."

He personally inspected the work of the officers and men of the war vessels, and would have nothing except service of the most energetic, effective, and zealous kind. And he said himself, in conversation with a friend, "In ordinary routine matters if a man does ordinarily well I am satisfied, but if he doesn't do the work of importance in the navy with the snap and vigor I believe is necessary I'll cinch him till he squeals." In consequence of his labors in the Navy Department his most enthusiastic admirers to-day are the officers and men of the navy.

The preliminary work he did during the

closing months of 1897, he called "sharpening the tools for the navy." The results of his labors were duly appreciated in many quarters. "If it had not been for Roosevelt," said Senator Cushman K. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, "we should not have been able to strike the blow that we did at Manila. It needed just Roosevelt's energy and promptness."

The Assistant Secretary personally selected the men who were to come to the fore in the inevitable war with Spain, and it was owing directly to him that Dewey was in command of the Asiatic squadron at the taking of Manila. When the naval council looked about for a man to take command of the Asiatic squadron Mr. Roosevelt named George Dewey.

"Dewey," exclaimed one of the board who knew the sailor well. "Dewey is a dude."

"What of that?" demanded Roosevelt.

"Why, you are the last man I should expect to want to advance a dude."

"I didn't want to advance him," said Mr. Roosevelt. "I'll leave that to you—afterward."

All I want is a man over there, some fellow who will fight and make war. I don't care what kind of a collar he wears; that is, so long as it is some kind of a linen collar."

It so happened that the council had not done many of the things Mr. Roosevelt had advocated in the Atlantic Ocean, so they gave him his way in the Pacific. He got Dewey the appointment. Dewey objected. However, since Mr. Roosevelt had not procured the billet for him because they were friends, but because he hoped to see at least one Spanish fleet destroyed, he made Dewey go.

In the official records of what took place after Commodore Dewey received his first orders, it is shown by the correspondence with Dewey that, by direction of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, the flagship Olympia was retained in the Asiatic station after she had been ordered home. There has been much discussion in naval circles and elsewhere as to whether the Olympia had actually been directed to return to San Francisco, and the correspondence shows that she was so directed. On February 25th

Mr. Roosevelt sent a confidential despatch to Dewey in which he said:

“Order the squadron, except Monocacy, to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war with Spain your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep Olympia until further orders.”

A footnote by the Bureau of Navigation says: “Olympia had had orders to proceed to United States.” This dispatch of Mr. Roosevelt’s was the first that was sent by our government in regard to the taking of the Philippines.

The fact is well known that when Commodore Dewey arrived at Hong Kong with the fleet which was to win the first and greatest victory of the war, he found large quantities of coal, ammunition, and supplies awaiting him, so that he could advance without delay and offer battle before he was expected. Later it was at Mr. Roosevelt’s urgent suggestion that Commodore Dewey received his famous order

to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet at Manila.

When finally the storm of war broke in all its fury, the Navy Department took on an activity such as Washington was unaccustomed to. Secretary Long was overwhelmed with applications from naval officers, on shore duty of various kinds, for a post at sea. The meetings of the naval war board for the inspection of auxiliary vessels, the inspection of ships under construction, the drawing up of plans for the construction of new ships—such details as these kept every one in the Navy Department busy. Mr. Roosevelt was in conference at all hours with officers and contractors, incidentally taking part in the sessions of the strategy board. He had the immediate charge of the purchase of vessels for the auxiliary fleet, and there were some sixty such vessels, as well adapted for the service as any it was practicable to obtain, fitted out in Cuban or closely adjacent waters by the first of May. Nor was influence of any avail to ship brokers, and there were many of them, some with strong backing,

who had hulks of more or less antiquity and in various states of decay for sale. He would flatly refuse to advise the purchase of any ship not recommended by the board having in charge their examination, upon which he necessarily and properly relied, as suitable for the particular service for which she was intended.

Among other work accomplished, Mr. Roosevelt, sitting at the head of a mixed board composed of some of the best officers of both the line and engineer corps of the navy, succeeded in uniting them upon a plan for the amalgamation of these two corps in a manner which will, it is believed, promote harmony in the navy without any sacrifice of efficiency. The result was the well-known naval personnel bill which, as a law, will make the work of the Navy Department, in detailing officers for duty vastly simpler than it has been in the past, because every officer of the new line will be capable of performing any of the duties which involve the management of large bodies of men or the control of the machinery.

"It is useless," says Mr. Roosevelt, in this con-

nection, "to spend millions of dollars in building perfect fighting machines, unless we make the personnel which is to handle these machines equally perfect. We have an excellent navy now, but we can never afford to relax our efforts to make it better still. Next time, we may have to face some enemy far more formidable than Spain. In my judgment, the personnel bill will markedly increase the efficiency of our already efficient officers."

Activity in the Navy Department was not enough for a man of Mr. Roosevelt's calibre. Late in April, 1898, he said to one of the naval officials: "There is nothing more for me to do here. I've got to get into the fight myself."

There were rumors current before he actually resigned, of his intention to do so, and of his proposed plan of recruiting a cowboy regiment, for Dr. Leonard Wood and himself to lead to Cuba. Leading newspapers at once urged him to remain at Washington. They told him that he was the man for the place, and they warned him that he was "ruining his career." They said that there were plenty of men to stop bul-

lets, but very few who could manage a navy. But he resigned nevertheless, in due and official form, on May 6th.

The correspondence which passed between Secretary Long and Mr. Roosevelt with reference to his retirement from the Navy Department is something out of the ordinary in such proceedings. Under date of May 6, 1898, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Secretary Long, inclosing a letter to the President tendering his resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and saying:

“MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: Let me add one word personally. I don't suppose I shall ever have a chief under whom I shall enjoy serving as I have enjoyed serving under you, nor one toward whom I shall feel the same affectionate regard. It is a good thing for a man to have, as I have had in you, a chief whose whole conduct in office, as seen by those most intimately connected with him, has been guided solely by resolute disinterestedness and single-minded devotion to the public interest,

"I hate to leave you more than I can say. I deeply appreciate, and am deeply touched by, the confidence you have put in me and the more than generous and kindly spirit you have always shown toward me. I have grown not merely to respect you as my superior officer, but to value your friendship very highly; and I trust I have profited by association with one of the most high-minded and upright public servants it has been my good fortune to meet."

Secretary Long replied under date of May 7th, as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. ROOSEVELT: I have your letter of resignation to the President, but, as I have told you so many times, I have it with the utmost regret. I have often expressed, perhaps too emphatically and harshly, my conviction that you ought not to leave the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy where your services have not only been of such great value, but of so much inspiration to me and to the whole service. But now that you have determined to go to the front, I feel bound to say that, while

I do not approve of the change, I do most heartily appreciate the patriotism and the sincere fidelity to your convictions which actuate you.

“Let me assure you how profoundly I feel the loss I sustain in your going. Your energy, industry and great knowledge of naval interests, and especially your inspiring influence in stimulating and lifting the whole tone of the personnel of the navy, have been invaluable. I cannot close this reply to your letter without telling you also what an affectionate personal regard I have come to feel for you as a man of the truest temper and most loyal friendship. I rejoice that one who has so much capacity for public service and for winning personal friendships has the promise of so many years of useful and loving life before him.”

Mr. Roosevelt's letter to the President was as follows :

“I have the honor herewith to tender my resignation through the Secretary of the Navy, and at his request make it take effect when you

desire. It is with the greatest reluctance that I sever my connection with your administration, and I only do it because I hope thereby to have the chance to take an even more active part in carrying out one of the great works of your administration—the freeing of Cuba and the driving of Spain from the western hemisphere. I shall always deeply appreciate your kindness to me, and shall always try to show myself worthy of the trust you have reposed in me.”

The President’s answer through Secretary Porter was as follows:

“MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: Although the President was obliged to accept your resignation of recent date, I can assure you that he has done so with very great regret. Only the circumstances mentioned in your letter and your decided and unchangeable preference for your new patriotic work has induced the President to consent to your severing your present connection with the Administration. Your services here during your entire term of office have

been faithful, able, and successful in the highest degree, and no one appreciates this fact more keenly than the President himself. Without doubt your connection with the navy will be beneficially felt in several of its departments for many years to come.

“In the President’s behalf, therefore, I wish at this time to thank you most heartily and to wish you all success in your new and important undertaking, for which I hope and predict a brilliantly victorious result.

“JOHN ADDISON PORTER.”

XI.

THE ROUGH RIDER.

“ Not a man of them failed to do his whole duty.”

THE pressure of official business in the Navy Department was such that Mr. Roosevelt, at the urgent request of Secretary Long, remained at his desk, fully a week after his resignation had been handed the President. It was on May 6th, however, the date of his resignation, that he was sworn into the service of the government as Lieutenant-Colonel of United States Volunteers, to serve with the regiment of mounted riflemen, to be made up mainly of plainsmen and rough riders. The ceremony occurred in the office of Adjt.-General Corbin, a number of leading army officers, senators, and representatives being present. Colonel Roosevelt was warmly congratulated on his



COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

entrance upon military life. He had previously been subjected to a rigid physical examination by the Surgeon-General of the Army and had passed it successfully. The oath was administered by General Corbin.

For the several days that he remained at his desk in the Navy Department, his office was crowded to overflowing with an assemblage of cowboys, plainsmen, college students, and ex-policemen of the New York force, who were among those anxious to join the command of which Mr. Roosevelt was to be Lieutenant-Colonel. The callers were decidedly unique in appearance. The plainsmen and rough riders wore broad-brimmed sombreros, and gave an unmistakable evidence of their ability to round up a herd of refractory steers. They were all tall, well-built, athletic fellows, bronzed from exposure, and the picture of health and endurance. There were several young Englishmen in the motley gathering who had preferred this service as more exciting than ranching. Three ex-policemen of the New York force were in the party, looking quite as stalwart as the ranch-

men. There was a sprinkling also of "tenderfeet," coming from the colleges and universities, as well as from the social centers. Colonel Roosevelt greeted each man personally, and the men were unanimous in pronouncing him a "thoroughbred."

From the outset Mr. Roosevelt objected to the designation of "Rough Riders" being given in advance to the regiment of mounted rifles. "The objection to that term," he said, "is that people who read the newspapers may get the impression that the regiment is to be a hippodrome affair. Those who get that idea will discover that it is a mistake. The regiment may be one of rough riders, but they will be as orderly, obedient, and generally well disciplined a body as any equal number of men in any branch of the service. But they will not make a show. They go out for business, and when they do business no one will entertain for a moment the notion that they are part of a show."

"Some persons," wrote Mr. Byron P. Stephenson, at this time, "were inclined to sneer at

Theodore Roosevelt for deserting his post as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, where his services were of the greatest value to the country. There is something humorous in the idea of a man of forty and the father of six children raising a troop of cowboys, hunting men, and mounted policemen, and going as its second in command to fight the Spaniards. Mr. Roosevelt is not lacking in a sense of humor and probably sees himself the comical side of the situation as well as any one. But Theodore Roosevelt is an anachronism. He belongs not to the dawn of the twentieth century but to mediæval days. He was cut out for a crusader. He is always ready to fight for an idea. He would have delighted Cœur de Lion."

The gathering into a regiment of the cowboys, hunters, miners and other Western men of adventurous lives was not in the least a "happy thought," nor an accident. He had made a close historical study of Mad Anthony Wayne, the Revolutionary heroes of King's Mountain, Andrew Jackson and his men, General Sam Houston's Texans, Kit Carson's

Rangers and the defenders and martyrs of the Alamo. It was with all this in his mind that he organized the Rough Riders, and it was in pursuance of this object that he made history for Americans to read with pride and quickening pulses so long as the Republic endures.

As I have previously asserted this was not to be Mr. Roosevelt's first active military experience, for as far back as 1884 he was a lieutenant of the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York, afterward rising to captain, and remaining a militiaman for more than four years. When the Rough Riders were being organized the President offered to make him colonel, but he declined the commission. "I am not fitted to command a regiment," he said modestly, "for I have no recent military training. Later, after I have gained some experience, perhaps that may come." It did come later, and also recommendation for the medal of honor for gallant conduct in action.

The cowboy regiment idea from its first inception excited the greatest interest in the New

York clubs. Mr. Roosevelt had applications from almost every clubman of his acquaintance who was a horseman, not only in New York, but in Boston and other large cities. From these applicants he selected several well-known and cross-country riders and polo players. The most notable accessions to the ranks of the regiment from the New York clubs were Woodbury Kane, William Tiffany, Craig Wadsworth, and Reginald Ronalds. These men, all members of the Knickerbocker Club, were intimate friends of Mr. Roosevelt, and all volunteered as troopers. Woodbury Kane, a younger brother of Colonel De Lancey Kane, was a noted polo player and cross-country rider. He had hunted not only in America, but with the more famous packs of England. He was a bachelor of about thirty-eight, and a graduate of Harvard. Craig Wadsworth had been one of the best riders in the Genessee Valley Hunt Club for several years, and a skillful cotillion leader. William Tiffany was a nephew of Mrs. August Belmont and a grand-nephew of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, the hero of the battle of Lake

Erie. Although only a little over thirty, he had been a ranchman in the West for about ten years, and was a fine horseman. Reginald Ronalds was a son of Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, who had been prominent in London society for many years. He was a graduate of Yale, and was one of the best players on the 'Varsity eleven.

The regiment also included among its members Hamilton Fish, Jr., a son of Nicholas Fish; Townsend Burden, Jr., a son of I. Townsend Burden; Dudley Dean, the famous football quarterback; Guy Munchie, the coach; Bull, of the Harvard 'Varsity crew, and Hollister, one of the best half-mile runners in the country. All these young men were recent graduates of or students at Harvard. Among the graduates of Princeton enrolled in the regiment were Horace Devereaux, of Colorado Springs, who was a crack football player during his college term, and Basil Ricketts, a son of General Ricketts, of the United States Army.

The flocking of these young men to the Roose-

vult banner showed in the most astonishing way how men of the greatest differences in training, birth, and condition, drawn with an impartial estimate of fitness from all over the country, were able to sink every consideration of personal preference or habit to join heartily in the spirit of discipline and daring which brought the troop to a condition of effectiveness. From the cowboy whose feats in the saddle had been the admiration of a border people who had known the Apaches, to the college man who had been cheered from the "bleachers" for his track athletics, the unanimity of spirit and high patriotism beat in each manly breast. The spectacle was sublime and preached a sermon on American manhood unknown to the religious teaching of mankind.

Referring to the college men in his regiment, Mr. Roosevelt says in his admirable "Story of the Rough Riders" in *Scribner's Magazine*: "I felt many qualms at first in allowing men of this stamp to come in, for I could not be certain that they had counted the cost and was afraid they would find it very hard to serve—

not for a few days, but for months—in the ranks, while I, their former intimate associate, was a field officer, but they insisted that they knew their minds and the events showed that they did. We enlisted about fifty of them from Virginia, Maryland, and the Northeastern States, at Washington. Before allowing them to be sworn in, I gathered them together and explained that if they went in they must be prepared not merely to fight, but to perform the weary, monotonous labor incident to the ordinary routine of a soldier's life; that they must be ready to face fever exactly as they were to face bullets; that they were to obey unquestioningly and to do their duty as readily if called upon to garrison a fort as if sent to the front. I warned them that work that was merely irksome and disagreeable must be faced as work that was dangerous, and that no complaint of any kind must be made; and I told them that they were entirely at liberty not to go, but that after they had once signed there could be no backing out. Not a man of them backed out; not one of them failed to do his whole duty."

The colonelcy of the regiment was given to Dr. Leonard Wood of Massachusetts, a captain and assistant surgeon of regulars, then on duty in Washington in personal attendance on the President and Secretary of War. Mr. Roosevelt had never met Dr. Wood until they came together at the capital in the course of Roosevelt's service as assistant secretary of the navy, but a strong friendship, bred by similarity of character, tastes, and ambitions, speedily sprang up between the two men who were to come out of the war with such magnificent distinction. To Dr. Wood, the following characterization and compliment is paid by Mr. Roosevelt in his article in *Scribner's*: "He had served in General Miles' inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions—the medal of honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns

he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he combined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard."

When Wood and Roosevelt reached San Antonio, Texas, where the Rough Riders were to rendezvous, they found men from New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma already gathered, while those from Indian Territory came soon after their arrival. These men made up

the bulk of the regiment. They came from the wild Western territories and were a splendid set of men.

The men were quickly organized and armed with carbines, six shooters, and machetes. The machete was chosen for the regiment instead of the regular cavalry sabre, not only because it is a more terrible weapon, but because it could be used to great advantage by the troops in slashing their way through the underbrush in Cuba.

"We had in our regiment," said Mr. Roosevelt, in a speech made at Oyster Bay, after his return from Cuba, "the man who was born in Maine, and the man who was born in Oregon, the man who had been brought up in one of the great States of the East and the man who had lived where he had never seen a great city and rarely a town of more than one hundred people. We had the man of the seacoast and we had also the man who had never seen more water than was contained in the Pecos when the Pecos was "up," and it was one of the latter class whom I heard on one occasion, when his hat

had blown off in midocean, chronicle the event to one of his comrades by saying, 'Oh, Jim! my hat blew into the crick!' To him the Atlantic was simply an unusually large creek."

Some of the cow punchers from Dakota, in a spirit of kindly fun, bestowed upon the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment the nickname of "Laughing Horse," and this incident moved my friend, Mr. H. W. Phillips, to write the following appropriate verses, which found their way into print in the pages of *The Criterion*:

"THE ROUGH RIDING BRIGADE."

"So, Teddy, you've come to your own again!

I thought it was mighty strange
That you had forgotten the good old times
And the friends of the cattle range.
But now the old gun has been polished up,
And I'm ready to cross the sea
And ride with you, Teddy Roosevelt!
Old 'Laughing Horse' for me!

"Together we've ridden the range, my lad,
And slept on the ground o' night;
And you were the boy for a high old time,
A cuss in a stand-up fight.
Besides, you were square as a die, old pard,
And all that a man should be.
So I'm with you, Teddy Roosevelt,
Old 'Laughing Horse' for me!

“ The boys have just whooped to your call, my lad,
From the hot desert Texan trail
To where the wild yell of the blizzard’s sweep
Makes mock of the coyote’s wail.
They’ll stay at your back till your chest caves in,
And screech in the thick of the fuss:
“ Sock h—ll to ‘m! Teddy Roosevelt !
Old ‘Laughing Horse’ for us.”

“ Now, I don’t know what the row’s all about,
But my trail lies before me plain;
For, Teddy, you’ve said that the thing to do
Is to wallop the hide off Spain.
So here we go off again fresh, my lad,
And the Greasers will d—m soon see
That I’m with you, Teddy Roosevelt !
Old ‘Laughing Horse’ for me! ”

Ready for war, ready for anything that savored of dare-devil danger, the Rough Riders, fully equipped, left their camp at San Antonio, on Sunday, May 29th, by rail, bound for Tampa, Florida. Upon arriving at New Orleans, the Rough Riders virtually “captured the town” and the people of that old French metropolis of the South had this weird cry dinned in their ears:

“ Rough! tough! We’re the stuff !
We’re the scrappers; never get enough ! W-h-o-o-e-e ! ”

The full regiment consisted of Troop A, Captain William (Buckie) O'Neill; Troop B, Captain James H. McClintock; Troop C, Capt. J. L. B. Alexander, and Troop D, Captain J. H. Houston. These were troops from Arizona and were known as the Arizona Rangers. They were gathered together by Major Alexander O. Brodie, the former Mayor of Prescott. The second squad from New Mexico was composed of Troops E, F, G, and H, and was commanded by Major Hearsey, while the third squad, composed of Troops I, K, L, and M, commanded by Major Dunn, was made up from men all over the country. Nearly every State in the Union was more or less represented, and it contained the famous Troop K, which included among its members millionaires and sons of millionaires. This troop was commanded by Lieutenant John M. Jenkins, formerly first lieutenant in the Fifth United States Cavalry.

The journey from New Orleans to Tampa was not devoid of unusual and picturesque incidents. The men with the exception of those of the horse detail, were kept in the cars, and a

guard was stationed at both entrances of each coach. No one was permitted to alight, and they were pretty warm, though they bore the hardship with the philosophy to be expected of them. Besides the nine hundred and more officers and men the party included forty expert mule packers. There were nine hundred and sixty horses and one hundred and ninety-two mules. No wagons were used, the marching transportation being conducted altogether by the pack mules, big, strong animals capable of carrying all that could be piled upon them. James Tailer and Robert Furgeson, of the Knickerbocker Club of New York, both in Troop K, were kept busy during the trip looking after the commissary. Three times a day they served canned corned beef and beans and hard-tack to the hungry troopers. Hamilton Fish, Jr., and Willie Tiffany had charge of the freight cars containing the baled hay for the horses. Corporal Craig Wadsworth was seen three times daily rushing wildly down the platform of the meal stations with a big tin bucket in each hand to receive the allowance of coffee

prepared for the troopers. At Scranton, Miss., a party of Cubans met Colonel Wood and offered their service as rough riders, but the regiment could not take them.

Upon arrival at Tampa, June 2d, the first work was that of pitching the shelter tents. The men carried only dog tents or pole tents. Their axes had been stalled somewhere and tent poles were hard to procure. Some of the troopers broke palmetto branches, while others, as the infantry always did in a campaign, used their carbines, two men and two carbines to a tent. Some men lay along in the shade of the neighboring freight cars. The first view of the camp was a level stretch of palmetto scrub, a few thin pines, two side tracks of a Southern railway, a dozen picket lines of horses; a little village of shelter tents all broiling under a mid-day sun.

The Rough Riders, like the volunteers, made a serious mistake upon arriving at camp. Eager as they are for battle, volunteers forget the necessity of victuals till they get hungry. They are for unloading arms and ammunition

first of all. The regulars invariably first unload rations and cooking utensils, with cooks and mess details, who go at once to the camping place, and so can greet the command, when it arrives, with something nourishing to eat. The commissary officer in command told the Rough Riders this, and consented to unload some rations, but chiefly hard-tack, with the result that the command had no warm meat and drink for twenty-four hours to sustain them in the work of settling camp. The men were nearly famished. Many of the troopers swarmed about the kitchen of the Seventh United States Infantrymen and gathered what crumbs they could.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt was at home with his men in camp. He went to his mess with a copy of Wagner's "Organization and Tactics," which he placed against his dining chair between courses. "It's all right," as an army officer said. "A fellow must keep up his reading; many an officer's efficiency is impaired by not doing it. An efficiency report is a thing a commissioned officer has to make out

each year for the War Department, stating what he has done on his own account toward making himself more valuable to the service."

His men worshipped him and they went on with their work in the Tampa camp—patient, humble, obedient—awaiting the word from Washington to board the transports bound for Cuba, there to follow their courageous leader into any danger, into the thick of any fight, even were he to lead them through a river of blood. Las Guasimas and San Juan were yet to come.

XII.

THE BATTLE HERO.

“ A splendid heroic figure, a romantic warrior, a veritable knight of old.”

THE American army of invasion under command of General Shafter numbered fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty-seven officers and men, and sailed from Tampa in thirty-six transports, on June 12, 1898. On the transport Yucatan were Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. The mounts of the men were left at Tampa, the regiment being detailed for infantry service. The voyage was devoid of incident, the transports arriving off Santiago de Cuba at noon on June 20th. During the two days following the troops were successfully landed at Daiquiri, a point seventeen miles east of Santiago. Among the first men ashore were the Rough Riders, two of whom, Knoblaugh and Judson, both New Yorkers,

distinguished themselves by diving for effects which were lost in making the landing. They recovered a number of guns, bugles, and a quantity of ammunition.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt pleaded with General Shafter that his men be permitted to go in the advance column which was to move on Santiago, and the request was granted. The advance was begun at once, and on Wednesday night, June 22d, the head of the column rested at Demajayabo, two miles northwest of Daiquiri. On Thursday, the 23d, the army advanced to Juragua, which the enemy hastily evacuated, and by night a junction had been effected between the main divisions of the invaders at a point on the high ground surrounding Santiago city and within ten miles of the guns of Morro. This advance was effected without a single check. Beyond Juragua, which is four and a half miles west of Demajayabo and a little over eight miles from where the troops landed, the Spanish suddenly appeared in force, expecting, apparently, to take the vanguard of our army by surprise.

At daybreak, Friday, June 24th, the guarding column which included the Rough Riders continued its forced march. Toiling through swamps and beating their way through the dense brush, the Americans had come within eight miles of Santiago. The sound of trees falling under the blows of axes was a warning that the enemy was ahead and preparing defenses. A scouting party of Cubans familiar with the country was immediately sent forward, but they had not gone far into the obscure thickets before firing began in front of them. They protected themselves as well as they could and returned the fire. Shooting as they plunged through the entangling branches and firing at the quick flashes of the Spanish Mausers, the Rough Riders and the regulars, led by Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, went with a cheer into the first fighting of the general advance on Santiago.

Thus began the engagement known to history as the battle of Las Guasimas, so called from the large number of nut-bearing La Guasima trees in the immediate vicinity. It was in-

tensely hot as the men advanced in the conflict. They were tired and dirty, but eager for battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt led his men to the charge. He was never lacking, this leader of the regiment. He said some months after, in Camp Wikoff, at Montauk Point:

“Our first fight was at Las Guasimas. It is the veriest nonsense to speak of it as an ambush. We knew just where the Spanish were. And General Young, with the First and Tenth regulars, with Colonel Wood, who had our Rough Riders, said that they should march by different routes, and hit the Spaniards right and left at the same time. Colonel Wood struck those two lines almost directly together. It was a mountainous country, covered by thick jungles, and to force a pass defended by double our number caused a brisk fight with loss; but we forced it.

“There must have been nearly fifteen hundred Spaniards in front and to the sides of us. They held the ridges with rifle pits and machine guns and hid a body of men in ambush in the thick jungle at the sides of the road over which

we were advancing. Our advance guard struck the men in ambush and drove them out. But we lost Captain Capron, Lieutenant Thomas, and about fifteen men killed or wounded. The Spanish firing was accurate—so accurate, indeed, that it surprised me, and their firing was fearfully heavy. I want to say a word for our own men. Every officer and man did his duty up to the handle. Not a man flinched.”

Another officer who took a prominent part in the fighting said after the battle: “When the firing began, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt took the right wing with Troops G and K, under Captains Llewellyn and Jenkins, and moved to the support of Captain Capron, who was getting it hard. At the same time Colonel Wood and Major Brodie took the left wing and advanced in open order on the Spanish right wing. Major Brodie was wounded before the troops had advanced one hundred yards. Colonel Wood then took the right wing and shifted Colonel Roosevelt to the left.

“Meantime the fire of the Spaniards had in-

creased in volume; but, notwithstanding this, an order for a general charge was given, and with a yell the men sprang forward. Colonel Roosevelt, in front of his men, snatched a rifle and ammunition belt from a wounded soldier, and, cheering and yelling with his men, led the advance. For a moment the bullets were singing like a swarm of bees all around them, and every instant some poor fellow went down. On the right wing Captain McClintock had his leg broken by a bullet from a machine gun, while four of his men went down. At the same time Captain Luna of Troop F lost nine of his men. Then the reserves, Troops K and E, were ordered up. There was no hesitation. The charge was soon over. The Spaniards broke and ran, and for the first time we had the pleasure which the Spaniards had been experiencing all through the engagement of shooting with the enemy in sight."

Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., was the first man killed by the Spanish fire. He was near the head of the column. He shot one Spaniard who was firing from the cover of a dense patch

of underbrush. When a bullet struck his breast he sunk at the foot of a tree, with his back against it. Captain Capron stood over him, shooting, and others rallied round him, covering the fallen man. He lived twenty minutes. He gave a small ladies' hunting case watch from his belt to a messmate as a last souvenir.

Some minutes later Captain Capron fell mortally wounded. As two troopers lifted him from the ground he asked: "How are the boys fighting?" "Like hell, sir," answered Trooper Beale. "Very well," cried Capron, resting on one arm, "I'm going to see this out." He lay on the grass refusing to be moved. Sergeant Bell who stood at Capron's side said the captain never flinched. "Give me your gun a minute," he said to the sergeant; and kneeling down, he deliberately aimed and fired two shots in quick succession. At each a Spaniard was seen to fall. Bell, meantime, had seized a dead comrade's gun, and, kneeling beside his captain, fired steadily. When Captain Capron fell he gave the sergeant parting messages to

his wife and father, and bade the sergeant good-bye in a cheerful voice, and was then borne away dying.

The day after the fight Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt said: "My men behaved superbly, and their baptism of fire last night was christened with Cuban rain to-day." The colonel laughed when told that he had been reported killed, and exclaimed: "Not this time, thank God!"

As is generally known Mr. Roosevelt is very near-sighted and during this fighting his luggage consisted almost entirely of spectacles. Near-sighted people always have an abiding dread of losing their glasses, knowing their absolute helplessness without such aid. Mr. Roosevelt took particular pains before leaving home to provide against such a disaster. He had been in the habit of wearing nose glasses with a black silk cord attached, but the arrangement was entirely unsuited to a campaign, where the glasses themselves would be liable to fall off constantly and the cord to catch on twigs. So he substituted very large, round

spectacles with steel hooks for the ears, and had a dozen pairs mounted. These he "planted" around his person and equipment, trying to distribute them so no one accident could include them all. One pair was sewed in his blouse, another in his belt, another in his hat, two in his saddle bags and so on.

At the fight at Guasimas his horse was barked by a bullet while held by an orderly, and plunged frantically against a tree. Colonel Roosevelt came rushing up, all anxiety, and began prying under the saddle flap. "They haven't hurt the nag, sir," said the orderly. "I know," replied the colonel, with tears in his voice, "but blast 'em they've smashed my specs."

With the exception of Captain Capron, all the Rough Riders killed in the fight were buried on the field of action. Their bodies were laid in one long trench, each wrapped in a blanket. Palm leaves lined the trench and were heaped in profusion over the dead heroes. Chaplain Brown read the Episcopal service for the dead, and as he knelt in prayer every trooper, with

bared head, fell on his knees around the trench. When the chaplain announced the hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," the deep bass voices of the men gave the music a pathos most impressive. The dead Rough Riders rest on the summit of the hill where they fell. The site is most beautiful. A growth of rich, luxuriant grass and flowers covers the slopes, and from the top a far-reaching view is had over the tropical forest. Captain Capron's body was taken into Juragua, where the interment took place on the hillside near the seashore.

The official reports of the battle showed that there were 16 killed and 62 wounded, and that 42 of the casualties were in the ranks of the Rough Riders, and 36 in the regular cavalry.

The wounded were taken five miles back to the coast where the railroad shed at Siboney was turned into a hospital and the wounded men lay upon the floor, with tags upon their clothing to distinguish them. Their wounds were dressed by candle-light. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt visited the wounded the following day, and said to the suffering heroes:

“Boys, if there is a man in the United States who wouldn’t be proud to change places with you he is not worth his salt, and he is not a true American.”

The Rough Riders not only made history at Las Guasimas, but they established their right and title to the name they bore—and after that eventful Friday, June 24th, the title no longer remained a joke. The man did not live who dared to consider it a joke—that is to say a man within reach of a Rough Rider’s carbine.

The advance on Santiago continued during the next few days. Then followed the famous charge of the Americans at San Juan. Colonel Roosevelt’s own story of the engagement is as follows:

“The last day of June I took command of the regiment, Colonel Wood having been put in command of a brigade on the morning of the big fight July 1. We were at first held in reserve, many of our men being killed or wounded before we had a chance to fire a shot. It was at this fight that Captain O’Neill, of Arizona, was killed, a man who ranked with

Capron in value to the regiment, a man as gallant as he was efficient.

“At last we got the order to support the regulars and to make an assault on San Juan hill in force. Moving forward we had the honor to be the first to break through the line of the Spanish intrenchments, storming the hills on the right of our front, together with the Ninth Cavalry and fragments of other regiments of the cavalry divisions of the First, Third, Sixth, and Tenth.

“When we captured the hill we first turned our fire on a hill to our left, which was soon after carried by the infantry, and we then rushed another line of intrenchments on the hills in our front. Having taken these, we swung on the left, and drove the Spaniards before until we took the chain of hills which immediately fronted the city of Santiago.

“These repeated changes, of course, caused much confusion in all the regiments, and we of the cavalry, when we had taken the chain of hills, found all of our six regiments greatly mixed. I was the highest officer left on the extreme front, and had portions of all six cavalry regiments under me, and I shall always cherish the liveliest feeling of brotherhood and respect for the officers and men, not only of

my regiment, but of the entire cavalry division with and alongside of whom I fought on that day and the days succeeding."

In his official report to the War Department, Colonel Roosevelt wrote:

"My orders had been to march forward until I joined General Lawton's left wing, but after going three-quarters of a mile I was halted and told to remain in reserve near the creek by a deep lane. The bullets dropped thick among us for the next hour, while we lay there, and many of my men were killed or wounded. Among the former was Captain O'Neill, whose loss was a very heavy blow to the regiment, for he was a singularly gallant and efficient officer. Acting Lieutenant Haskell was also shot at this time. He showed the utmost courage and had been of great use during the fighting and marching. It seems to me some action should be taken about him. You then sent me word to move forward in support of the regular cavalry, and I advanced the regiment in column of companies, each company deployed as skirmishers. We moved through several skirmish lines of the regiment ahead of us, as it seemed to me our only chance was in rushing the intrenchments in front instead of firing at them

from a distance. Accordingly we charged the blockhouse and entrenchments on the hill to our right against a heavy fire. It was taken in good style, the men of my regiment thus being the first to capture any fortified position and to break through the Spanish line. The guidons of G and E troops were first at this point, but some of the men of A and B troops, who were with me personally, got in ahead of them. At the last wire fence up this hill I was obliged to abandon my horse, and after that went on foot.

“After capturing this hill we first of all directed a heavy fire upon the San Juan hill to our left, which was at the time being assailed by the regular infantry and cavalry, supported by Captain Parker’s Gatling guns. By the time San Juan was taken a large force had assembled on the hill we had previously captured, consisting not only of my own regiment, but of the Ninth and of portions of other cavalry regiments. We then charged forward under a very heavy fire across the valley against the Spanish intrenchments on the hill in the rear of the San Juan hill. This we also took, capturing several prisoners.

“We then formed in whatever order we could and moved forward, driving the Spanish before us to the crest of the hills in our front, which

were immediately opposite the city of Santiago itself. Here I received orders to halt and hold the line of hill crest. I had at that time fragments of the Sixth Cavalry Regiment and an occasional infantryman under me—three hundred or four hundred men all told. As I was the highest there I took command of all of them and continued until next morning. The Spaniards attempted a counter attack that afternoon, but were easily driven back, and then, until after dark, we remained under a heavy fire from their rifles and great guns, lying flat on our faces on a gentle slope just behind the crest. Captain Parkhurst's Gatling battery was run up to the right of my regiment and did most excellent and gallant service. That night we dug intrenchments across our front."

Official records lack the glow and color of romance, and Colonel Roosevelt's report is business-like and modest. The men who were at the front at San Juan have other stories to tell. When Colonel Roosevelt rode up ahead of his men toward the blockhouse on the hill no one who saw him take that ride expected he would finish it alive. As the only mounted man, he was the most conspicuous object in

range of the rifle-pits, then only two hundred yards ahead. It looked like foolhardiness but, as a matter of fact, he set the pace with his horse and inspired the men to follow. He reached the blockhouse with four troopers, before all the Spaniards had abandoned it, and killed one of them who was still firing, with his own revolver. He was wounded too, while standing with a group of officers near the top of the ridge and in advance of his command. His coat was off. He wore a blue shirt and brown canvas trousers. Two shells, one after the other, screeched overhead from the direction of Santiago, one killing a Cuban and the other bursting a short distance from the colonel. A fragment of the shell cracked Roosevelt on the first knuckle of the left hand, turning back a bit of skin and leaving a red mark as when one jams his finger with a stone. The blood flowed freely and he brushed it off with his handkerchief. A moment later he walked over to a group of his men and held out the bruised knuckle. "Well, boys, I got it too," he laughingly remarked, "but the Spaniards will have to beat that."

Of that famous charge up San Juan hill, no one has pictured Colonel Roosevelt more faithfully than the well-known writer Richard Harding Davis, who says: "Mounted on horseback and charging the rifle-pits at a gallop and quite alone, he made you feel that you would like to cheer. He wore on his sombrero a blue polka-dot handkerchief, which, as he advanced, floated out straight behind his head like a guidon. His was a splendid heroic figure, a romantic warrior, a veritable knight of old."

Colonel Roosevelt told at Montauk of what followed in the trenches: "After the fight that night we dug trenches. We hadn't any food. But luckily in the last blockhouse we captured we found the dinners of the Spanish officers still cooking, and we divided those up and ate them with much relish. About one in ten of our men got a Spanish blanket. The others went without. For the next three days the men had to fight most of the day and dig most of the night, while their food and bedding was, of course, of the scantiest. But they didn't grumble or utter a word of complaint.

"They were just as ready to fight when the Spaniards made an attack at 3 o'clock in the morning, although they were hungry and shivering from lying out at night—where they had been drenched thoroughly by the tropical rains—as they had been to fight in the daytime on full stomachs, and that is the test; to wake men up at 5 A. M., who have had nothing to eat, nothing to cover them—wake them up suddenly, and have them all run the right way; that is the test. Such men are a good lot. There wasn't a man who went to the rear."

A young lieutenant tells an incident of a night in the trenches which illustrates the power which Roosevelt had over his men and how he managed to hold it. It was the night of the Spanish sortie on the captured trenches. The Rough Riders had lain for forty-eight hours in the muddy ditch, sweltering by day, shivering by night. At the hour of early morning the Spaniards appeared in a dense, dark line at the top of the hill. Then men in the trenches stirred uneasily. Tired and discouraged, chilled to the bone, they were ready to bolt at

a signal or a movement from any one. But suddenly they saw Colonel Roosevelt walking calmly along the top of the intrenchment, with a faded blue handkerchief flapping from his hat.

He seemed to be oblivious of the rain of Mauser bullets which were falling about him, and was apparently as unconscious of danger as if he were strolling in the woods on a summer's day. But the effect of his coolness on the men was remarkable. A cheer went up, and every one was calling to the colonel to come down out of danger. The restlessness was over, and the drooping spirits of the men gave place to grim determination to prove as heroic as their leader. A cowboy lieutenant said: "That was the bravest thing I ever saw in my life."

The lack of food proved a trial to the Rough Riders after the surrender of Santiago. In his official report to the War Department, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"On the 17th the city surrendered. On the 18th we shifted camp, but the march under the

noonday sun told very heavily on our men, weakened by underfeeding and overwork, and the next morning one hundred and twenty-three cases were reported to the doctor, and I now have but half of the six hundred men with which I landed four weeks ago fit for duty, and these are not fit to do anything like the work they could do then. As we had but one wagon, the change necessitated leaving much of my stuff behind, with a night of discomfort, with scanty shelter, and scanty food for most of the officers and many of the men. Only the possession of the impoverished pack train saved us from being worse. Yesterday I sent in a detail of six officers and men to see if they could not purchase or make arrangements for a supply of proper food and proper clothing for the men, even if we had to pay for it out of our own pockets. Our suffering had been due primarily to lack of transportation and of proper food or sufficient clothing and of medical supplies. We should now have wagon sheets for tentage.

“Very respectfully,

“THEODORE ROOSEVELT.”

During this starvation period there was one song which was tabooed in the Rough Riders’

camp. This song, when sung by Trooper Lorimer Worden, raised such a riot that threats of lynching were made against him by some of his best friends. One night, just supper time, Worden, sitting by his camp fire, was gazing with a faraway look in his eyes at a most meager piece of bacon. As he looked, Worden's lips moved softly, and he sang:

“ Lobsters, Rarebits,
Plenty of Pilsener beer.”

A howl of reminiscent agony went up from the men about him, completely drowning for the nonce his dulcet tones. He recovered himself toward the finish, and as he reached the last lines:

“ You'll find them all in the Tenderloin
When the clock strikes two.”

even Colonel Roosevelt, with all his Police Commissioner prejudices still extant against that famous New York locality, was seen to smack his lips as though he would have liked to have been in the vicinity of broiled lobsters for a few minutes.

The situation at Santiago where the army was suffering for food, clothing, and medical supplies, prompted Colonel Roosevelt to send the following letter to General Shafter, under date of August 3d:

“MAJOR-GENERAL SHAFTER.

“SIR: In a meeting of the general and medical officers called by you at the Palace this morning, we were all, as you know, unanimous in view of what should be done with the army. To keep us here, in the opinion of every officer commanding a division or a brigade, simply will involve the destruction of thousands. There is no possible reason for not shipping practically the entire command North at once. Yellow fever cases are few in the cavalry division, where I command one of the two brigades, and not one true case of yellow fever has occurred in this division, except among the men sent to the hospital at Siboney, where they have, I believe, contracted it.

“But in this division there have been fifteen hundred cases of malarial fever. Not a man has died from it, but the whole command is so weakened and shattered so as to be ripe for dying like rotten sheep when a real yellow fever epidemic, instead of a fake epidemic,

like the present, strikes us, as it is bound to do if we stay here at the height of the sickness season, August, and the beginning of September.

“Quarantine against malarial fever is much like quarantining against the toothache. All of us are certain, as soon as the authorities at Washington fully appreciate the conditions of the army, to be sent home. If we are kept here, it will, in all human probability, mean an appalling disaster, for the surgeons here estimate that more than half the army, if kept here during the sickly season, will die. This is not only terrible from the standpoint of the individual lives lost, but it means ruin from the standpoint of the military efficiency of the flower of the American army, for the great bulk of the regulars are here with you.

“The sick list, large though it is, exceeding four thousand, affords but a faint index of the debilitation of the army. Not ten per cent. are fit for active service. Six weeks on the north Maine coast, for instance, or elsewhere where the yellow fever germ cannot possibly propagate, would make us all as fit as fighting cocks, able as we are and eager to take a leading part in the great campaign against Havana in the fall, even if we are not allowed to try Porto Rico.

"We can be moved North, if moved at once, with absolute safety to the country, although, of course, it would have been infinitely better if we had been moved North or to Porto Rico two weeks ago. If there were any object in keeping us here we would face yellow fever with as much indifference as we face bullets. But there is no object in it. The four immune regiments ordered here are sufficient to garrison the city and surrounding towns, and there is absolutely nothing for us to do here, and there has not been since the city surrendered. It is impossible to move into the interior. Every shifting of camp doubles the sick rate in our present weakened condition, and, anyhow, the interior is rather worse than the coast, as I have found by actual reconnoissance.

"Our present camps are as healthy as any camps at this end of the island can be. I write only because I cannot see our men, who have fought so bravely and who have endured extreme hardship and danger so uncomplainingly, go to destruction without striving, so far as lies in me, to avert a doom as fearful as it is unnecessary and undeserved.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
"Colonel, Commanding First Brigade."

After Colonel Roosevelt had taken the initiative, all the American general officers united in a "round robin," addressed to General Shafter, in which it was asserted that: "This army must be moved at once or perish. As the army can be safely moved now, the persons responsible for preventing such a move will be responsible for the unnecessary loss of many thousand lives."

The result of all this was the following order:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, August 4, 1898.

"The Secretary of War has ordered General Shafter's troops relieved from further duty in Santiago, as fast as transportation can be provided and the transfer of Spanish prisoners will admit of reduction of the garrison."

On the 7th day of August, the Rough Riders broke camp at Santiago and marched to the wharf where was moored the transport *Miami*, which was to convey them back to New York. Colonel Roosevelt rode at the head of the regiment as it marched down the Alameda skirting the water front to the dock. All the men looked fit, but worn. They presented a

picturesque appearance. Some wore new khaki uniforms, while others were attired in heavy blue flannel shirts with their old equipment. The men were wild with joy of so soon returning home. They took neither tents nor baggage with them. The work of embarkation was very easy and was quickly performed.

The voyage was most auspicious and the vessel was sighted off Amagansett, Long Island, on August 14th. The following day Colonel Roosevelt and his regiment went ashore and encamped at Montauk Point. The regiment numbered six hundred and eighty men, with thirty-four on the sick list. The work of the Rough Riders was now over and the rest of their story is quickly told. There were weeks of camp life, the mustering out and their return to their homes and occupations, to the ranch and the college, to the dugout and the drawing room. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt retired to his home and loved ones at Oyster Bay, Long Island, the most popular man in the army, admired and respected alike by soldier and civilian.

XIII.

THE GOVERNOR.

“ You are not only New Yorkers, but Americans.”

THE New York politician, like the proverbial early bird, bestirs himself and looks about him for trouble, real or imaginary, long before his professional brethren in other localities have recovered from the effects of their last campaign. It was not surprising to see the New York Republicans predicting the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Governor, as early as the second week in July, 1898, even before the surrender of Santiago. Roosevelt buttons, those little lapel ornaments which have gotten to be the political weather vanes of popularity, appeared upon the streets, and the Roosevelt “boom,” if I might call it a “boom,” was gathering full force by the 20th day of July.

In the public prints, the influential politicians were commencing to be interviewed and, as early as July 16th, a Republican district leader had given utterance to a sentiment like this: "Colonel Roosevelt is, without question, the most prominent Republican in the State at the present time. He would make a war candidate who would be invincible. His popularity extends all through the country districts, and is greater there than in New York City."

When the leaders of the State Democracy met for consultation at the Hoffman House, New York, on July 21st, Senator Murphy and other leaders realized that the greatest danger to the chances of Democratic success in the fall was the possibility of the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Governor on the Republican ticket. Republican "bosses" and machine politicians of the spoilsman type, who at first expressed amusement over the suggestion of Colonel Roosevelt as a candidate, began to show plainly certain symptoms of alarm. At a conference of Republican city organizations held on July 26th, these symptoms of alarm de-

veloped to such an extent that some of the machine clique withdrew in anger, plainly threatening to bolt the party in event of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination.

When later there returned from Europe a Mr. Croker, who was looked upon as a Democratic leader, he, too, joined in the cry of danger to his party, by the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt, and he uttered the phrase: "To be of any consequence in this war a man must be killed or wounded," but strangely enough this brilliant effort fell heavily even upon the ears of Mr. Croker's Democratic *confrères*.

As the date for the Republican State Convention approached, Governor Black was the only avowed candidate as against the desire of the people to nominate Mr. Roosevelt. It was a foregone conclusion that if Mr. Roosevelt received the nomination it would be a triumph for pure politics and good government as against bossism and the machine—and that the candidate had at his back the people of his party—the rank and file of the State Republicans. No one realized this better than

Senator Platt, an astute politician who yielded to the popular will with rare good grace.

The Republican State Convention was held at Saratoga on Tuesday, September 27, 1898, the chairman being Senator Horace White of Syracuse. Judge J. R. Cady of Hudson nominated Governor Black, and the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew presented the name of Colonel Roosevelt, in the following speech:

DEPEW'S SPEECH NOMINATING ROOSEVELT.

"GENTLEMEN: Not since 1863 has the Republican party met in convention when the conditions of the country were so interesting or so critical. Then the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, giving freedom and citizenship to four millions of slaves, brought about a revolution in the internal policy of our government which seemed to multitudes of patriotic men full of the gravest dangers to the republic. The effect of the situation was the sudden and violent sundering of the ties which bound the past to the present and the future. New problems were precipitated upon our statesmen to solve, which were not to be found in the text-books of the schools, nor in the manuals of traditions of Congress. The one

courageous, constructive party which our politics has known for half a century, solved those problems so successfully that the regenerated and disenthralled republic has grown and prospered under this new birth of liberty beyond all precedent and every prediction.

“Now, as then, the unexpected has happened. The wildest dream ever born of the imagination of the most optimistic believer in our destiny could not foresee when McKinley was elected two years ago the on-rushing torrent of events of the past three months. We are either to be submerged by this break in the dikes erected by Washington about our government, or we are to find by the wise utilization of the conditions forced upon us how to be safer and stronger within our old boundaries, and to add incalculably to American enterprise and opportunity by becoming masters of the sea, and entering with the surplus of our manufactures the markets of the world. We cannot retreat or hide. We must ‘ride the waves and direct the storm.’ A war has been fought and won, and vast possessions, new and far away, have been acquired. In the short space of one hundred and thirteen days politicians and parties have been forced to meet new questions and to take sides upon startling issues. The

face of the world has been changed. The maps of yesterday are obsolete. Columbus, looking for the Orient and its fabled treasures, sailed four hundred years ago into the landlocked harbor of Santiago, and to day his spirit sees his bones resting under the flag of a new and great country which has found the way and conquered the outposts, and is knocking at the door of the farthest East.

“The times require constructive statesmen. As in 1776 and 1865, we need architects and builders. A protective tariff, sound money—the gold standard, the retirement of the government from the banking business, and State issues are just as important as ever. Until three months ago to succeed we would have had to satisfy the voters of the soundness and wisdom of our position on these questions. The cardinal principles of Republican policy will be the platform of this canvass and of future ones. But at this juncture the people have temporarily put everything else aside and are applying their whole thought to the war with Spain and its consequences. We believe that they think and will vote that our war with Spain was just and righteous. We cannot yet say that American constituencies have settled convictions on territorial expansion and

the government of distant islands and alien races. We can say that Republican opinion glories in our victories and follows the flag.

“The resistless logic of events overcomes all other considerations and impels me to present the name of, as it will persuade you to nominate as our candidate for Governor of the State of New York, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. If he were only the hero of a brilliant charge on the battlefield, and there was nothing else which fitted him for this high place, I would not put him in nomination. But Colonel Roosevelt has shown conspicuous ability in the public service for ten years. He was a soldier three months. It is not time which tells with an executive mind and restless energy like Roosevelt’s, but opportunity. Give him the chance and he leads to victory. He has held two positions which generally ruin the holder of them with politicians and the unthinking. One was Civil Service Commissioner and the other Police Commissioner for New York City. So long as the public did not understand him there was plenty of lurid language and gnashing of teeth. The people are always just in the end. Let them know everything that can be said about a man and see all the searchlight of publicity will reveal and their verdict is the

truth. When the smoke had cleared away from the batteries of abuse they saw the untouched and unharmed figure of a public-spirited, broad-minded, and courageous officer, who understood official responsibility to mean the performance without fear or favor of the work he had promised to do and obedience to the laws he had sworn to support. The missiles from those batteries flew by him as innocuously as did the bullets from the Spanish Mausers on the hill of San Juan.

“When he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy he was in a sphere more congenial to his genius and abilities. He is a better soldier than he is a policeman. Life on the plains had broadened his vision and invigorated his youth. Successful excursions into the literature of the ranch, and the hunting for big game had opened up for him the present resources and boundless possibilities of the United States. He was fortunately under the most accomplished, able, generous, and indulgent chief in Secretary Long. A small man would have been jealous of this dynamitic bundle of brains, nerves, energy, and initiative, but our distinguished Secretary gave full scope to his brilliant assistant. The country owes much to him for the efficiency and splendid condition of our navy.

“The wife of a cabinet officer told me that when Assistant Secretary Roosevelt announced that he had determined to resign and raise a regiment for the war, some of the ladies in the administration circle thought it their duty to remonstrate with him. They said: ‘Mr. Roosevelt, you have six children, the youngest a few months old, and the eldest not yet in the teens. While the country is full of young men who have no such responsibilities and are eager to enlist, you have no right to leave the burden upon your wife of the care, support, and bringing up of that family.’ Roosevelt’s answer was a Roosevelt answer: ‘I have done as much as any one to bring on this war, because I believed it must come, and the sooner the better, and now that war is declared I have no right to ask others to do the fighting and stay at home myself.’

“The regiment of rough riders was an original American suggestion, to demonstrate that patriotism and indomitable courage are common to all conditions of American life. The same great qualities are found under the slouch hat of the cowboy, and the elegant imported tile of New York’s gilded youth. Their mannerisms are the veneers of the West and the East; their manhood is the same.

“In that hot, and pest-cursed climate of Cuba officers had opportunities for protection from miasma and fever which were not possible for the men. But the Rough Riders endured no hardships nor dangers which were not shared by their colonel. He helped them dig the ditches; he stood beside them in the deadly dampness of the trenches. No floored tent for him if his comrades must sleep on the ground and under the sky. In that world-famed charge of the Rough Riders through the hail of shot and up the hill of San Juan, their colonel was a hundred feet in advance. The bullets whistling by him are rapidly thinning the ranks of these desperate fighters. The colonel trips and falls and the line wavers, but in a moment he is up again, waving his sword, climbing and shouting. He bears a charmed life. He clips the barbed wire fence and plunges through, yelling ‘Come on, boys; come on, and we will lick hell out of them.’ The moral force of that daring cowed and awed the Spaniards, and they fled from their fortified heights and Santiago was ours.

“Colonel Roosevelt is the typical citizen-soldier. The sanitary condition of our army in Cuba might not have been known for weeks through the regular channels of inspection and

report to the various departments. Here the citizen in the colonel overcame the official routine and reticence of the soldier. His graphic letter to the government and the round robin he initiated brought suddenly and sharply to our attention the frightful dangers of disease and death, and resulted in our boys being brought immediately home. He may have been subject to court-martial for violating the articles of war, but the humane impulses of the people gave him gratitude and applause.

“It is seldom in political conflicts, when new and unexpected issues have to be met and decided, that a candidate can be found who personifies the popular and progressive side of those issues. Representative men move the masses to enthusiasm and are more easily understood than measures. Lincoln, with his immortal declaration, made at a time when to make it insured his defeat by Douglas for the United States Senate, that ‘a house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half free, embodied the anti-slavery doctrine. Grant, with Appomattox and the parole of honor to the Confederate Army behind him, stood for the perpetuity of union and liberty. McKinley, by his long and able advocacy of its

principles, is the leading spirit for the protection of American industries. For this year, for this crisis, for the voters of the Empire State, for the young men of the country and the upward, onward, and outward trend of the United States, the candidate of candidates is the hero of Santiago, the idol of the Rough Riders—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.”

There were other speeches for Governor Black and for Colonel Roosevelt, and when the roll of delegates was called the result was seven hundred and fifty-three votes for Roosevelt and two hundred and eighteen for Black. Judge J. R. Cady of Hudson, who had placed Governor Black in nomination, immediately moved to make the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt unanimous, and Senator Hobart Krum of Schoharie, who had been one of Governor Black's chief advisers, assured the convention of entire harmony in the party when he followed Judge Cady with this speech: “On behalf of Governor Frank S. Black and on behalf of every delegate who voted for him in this convention, I say they will stand by the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt, as Colonel Roose-

velt stood by the country. We will not be in the reserve forces, but we will be at the front and we will stand shoulder to shoulder with the best of you and push Colonel Theodore Roosevelt into the executive chair by a tremendous majority. More than that we will take the executive chair for Colonel Roosevelt as he took as a rough rider the heights of San Juan." There was tremendous cheering, and the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt was made unanimous with applause.

The candidacy of Colonel Roosevelt at once appealed to independent voters, of whom there are many in the State of New York, and when the Democracy placed in nomination Augustus Van Wyck, the independent vote was polled almost solidly for the Roosevelt standard.

The nomination of Colonel Roosevelt was pleasing to the people and to the press. During the campaign that followed, no higher tribute was paid the Republican candidate than this from the *New York Sun*: "A united party never had a worthier representative than this Republican and American. Honest, intel-

ligent, capable, patriotic and fearless he is, and all men know it. His character and his record command that sort of enthusiastic support which comes from the heart and not merely from the sense of partisan obligation. There is neither humbug nor vainglory, nor again the guile of self-seeking, in his composition. The people know that he is genuine, that he goes himself wherever he is willing to send others, and that he gets there; and to that quality of man they will be true, whether he is colonel or candidate."

In the short period between his nomination and the election day, Colonel Roosevelt made about three hundred speeches—most of them brief ones from the platform of a railroad car. His perfect frankness and his well-earned reputation for honesty and truthfulness under all circumstances had won him the confidence of the people of his State regardless of party. In a speech at Utica, Mr. Roosevelt made these forcible statements:

"My opponents ask you to vote only as New

Yorkers. I ask you to vote as New Yorkers; I ask you to remember every State issue; I ask you to keep in mind carefully every matter concerning the welfare of New York.

“But I ask you also to remember that you are not only New Yorkers, but Americans, that you have interests not only in the State but in the Union—which is greater than any State—that your welfare is bound up with the welfare of the nation, and that the honor of each man of you is sensitive to the honor of the flag.

“I ask you to remember than you cannot, if you would, help letting your ballots this fall have their effect throughout the Union. You cannot vote a half ballot. You cannot put a caveat on your ballot that will only be heard of in the State of New York.

“As New York goes on November 8th, so the friends of honest finance, the believers in national honor throughout the Union will be elated or cast down.”

The election on November 8th resulted as the friends of good government had predicted. Colonel Roosevelt's plurality was eighteen thousand and seventy-nine. Some days later a large party of citizens congratulated him. One man said:

"Governor, you are going to make a good Governor of the State. All your friends are banking on you; you haven't any political enemies worth talking about, and all want to see you make a great success, because you are a good man and a sound American."

"I'll try," modestly replied the governor-elect.

The new governor took the oath of office at noon, December 31, 1898, at the office of the Secretary of State in Albany. Monday, January 2, 1899, was inauguration day at the State capitol, and Mr. Roosevelt was duly installed as the thirty-sixth governor, under the constitution of New York State, which went into effect 1777. His inauguration attracted the largest numbers of citizens from all parts of the State that ever attended such an event. The inauguration ceremony was held in the Assembly Chamber at 11 o'clock. Governor Black delivered an address of welcome to the new executive, and Governor Roosevelt, in his inaugural address, which followed, said:

GOV. ROOSEVELT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

“I appreciate very deeply all you say, and the spirit that prompts you to say it. We have the same ends in view; we are striving to accomplish the same results; each of us, according to the light that is in him, is seeking to advance the welfare of the people.

“A very heavy responsibility rests upon the Governor of New York State, a State of seven million inhabitants, of great wealth, of widely varied industries, and with a population singularly diversified, not merely in occupation, but in race, origin, in habits of life, and in ways of thought. It is not an easy task so to frame our laws that justice may be done to all alike in such a population, so many of whom have interests that seem entirely antagonistic. But upon the great and fundamental issues of good government there must always be a unity of interest among all persons who wish well to the commonwealth. There is much less need of genius or of any special brilliancy in the administration of our government than there is need of such homely virtues and qualities as common sense, honesty, and courage. There are very many difficult problems to face, some of which are as old as government itself, while others have sprung into being in consequence of

the growing complexity and steadily increasing tension of our social life for the last two generations. It is not given to any man, nor to any set of men, to see with absolutely clear vision into the future. All that can be done is to face the facts as we find them, to meet each difficulty in practical fashion, and to strive steadily for the betterment both of our civic and our social conditions.

“We must realize, on the one hand, that we can do little if we do not set ourselves a high ideal, and, on the other, that we will fail in accomplishing even this little if we do not work through practical methods and with a readiness to face life as it is, and not as we think it ought to be. Under no form of government is it so necessary thus to combine efficiency and morality, high principle and rough common sense, justice, and the sturdiest physical and moral courage, as in a republic. It is absolutely impossible for a republic long to endure if it becomes either corrupt or cowardly, if its public men, no less than its private men, lose the indispensable virtue of honesty, if its leaders of thought become visionary doctrinaires, or if it shows a lack of courage in dealing with the many grave problems which it must surely face, both at home and abroad, as it strives to

work out the destiny meet for a mighty nation.

“It is only through the party system that free governments are now successfully carried on, and yet we must keep ever vividly before us that the usefulness of a party is strictly limited by its usefulness to the State, and that in the long run he serves his party best who most helps to make it instantly responsive to every need of the people and to the highest demands of that spirit which tends to drive us onward and upward. It shall be my purpose, so far as I am given strength, to administer my office with an eye single to the welfare of all the people of this great commonwealth.”

After the customary public reception of the new governor, when nearly five thousand people shook him by the hand, Mr. Roosevelt said:

“It was interesting to observe the expressions on the faces of the thousands who passed before me this morning. The inaugural ceremonies were serious and impressive; but the most impressive feature of the day was that noted in the universal expression of respect for the great office to which I have been elected by

every person who to-day grasped my hand. The wishes of happiness and success which were extended to me were not mere idle words, but I feel that they came from the true American heart of every one who uttered them."

On January 4th, Governor Roosevelt transmitted to the State Legislature his first message as governor. It was a scholarly document of considerable length. Reflecting upon the late war he said:

"We are not merely New Yorkers. We are Americans; and the interests of all Americans, whether from the North, the South, the East or the great West, are equally dear to the men of the Empire State. As we grow into a mighty nation, which, whether it will or not, must inevitably play a great part for good or for evil in the affairs of the world at large, the people of New York wish it understood that they look at all questions of American foreign policy from the most thoroughly national standpoint."

On the question of labor he said: "The development in extent and variety of industries has necessitated legislation in the interest of

labor. This legislation is not necessarily against the interests of capital; on the contrary, if wisely devised it is for the benefit of both laborers and employers. We have very wisely passed many laws for the benefit of labor, in themselves good, and for the time being, sufficient; but experience has shown that the full benefit of these laws is not obtained through the lack of proper means of enforcing them and the failure to make any one department responsible for their enforcement."

Commenting upon the Civil Service the governor said: "The methods of appointment to the civil service of the State are now in utter confusion, no less than three great systems being in effect—one in the city of New York, one in other cities, and one in the State at large. I recommend that a law be passed introducing one uniform practice for the entire State, and providing, as required by the Constitution, for the enforcement of proper civil service regulations in the State and its subdivisions."

Other striking and interesting sentences in his message were as follows:

"I call the attention of the Legislature to the desirability of gradually extending the sphere in which the suffrage can be exercised by women.

"Inasmuch as many of the statutes relating to public schools are conflicting and confusing, the school law should be revised and simplified.

"In New York City, even more than in the State there is need of cutting down the salaries of certain officials, of forcing others to do more work, and of altogether getting rid of yet others.

"I invite the attention of the Legislature particularly to the evils of over legislation. The tendency to pass laws which are utterly unnecessary, even when not pernicious, or which are enacted purely to favor certain special private interests, seems to grow instead of diminish.

"I direct your attention to the custom of the British Parliament, which puts upon the would-be beneficiary the cost of all private and special legislation, and wisely makes it difficult to obtain at all, and impossible to obtain without

full advertisement and discussion. No special law should be passed where passing a general law will serve the purpose."

The British custom referred to by Governor Roosevelt, makes private or special legislation about the most expensive thing that one can seek. It requires first of all, publicity. Anybody who is looking for special legislation must let everybody know about it by advertising his wants in the most thorough manner. The British custom abolishes much of the evil of private legislation.

Governor Roosevelt took hold on executive life naturally and quickly. He found some changes at the capital city since he was a member of the State Assembly in 1882, 1883, and 1884, but he still found it, as he once wrote of Albany, "that dear, dull, old Dutch city."

XIV.

THE HUSBAND AND FATHER.

“ He prefers the quiet of his home at Oyster Bay.”

WHEN on the 21st of September, 1898, the good citizens, the staid old farmers, and the humble country folk of Oyster Bay, Long Island, turned out *en masse* in open-handed, non-political fashion to welcome home their gallant fellow-townsmen after his brilliant work with the Rough Riders in Cuba, it was a tribute to the man as a neighbor, a husband, and a father.

These Long Island folk knew him not as the outer world knew him, for they alone were able to judge of his relations to the domestic side of life. Many of his little family secrets were their secrets, his children were playmates of their children, his helpmeet, a neighbor's wife, and it was their estimate of Mr. Roosevelt as a

husband, a father, the head of a happy home and fireside, that prompted them upon the occasion named, to welcome him home among them and to present him with a handsome sword as a token of their neighborly esteem.

To a man like Governor Roosevelt, with domestic tastes and studious tendencies, his home is his shrine, and after all that can be said of politics and of public life, he prefers the quiet of his home at Oyster Bay. There he fills a niche particularly characteristic of his genius.

The Roosevelt home place is not in Oyster Bay proper, but at Sagamore Hill, three miles distant. It is a large, roomy, comfortable house, on the top of the hill. Wide, green vistas open in front, and the visitor sitting in one of the hospitable chairs on the veranda may see miles of wooded, watered country, a view unsurpassed anywhere on Long Island Sound. The rooms within everywhere give evidence, in the skins of bears and bison and the splendid antlers of elk and deer, of Mr. Roosevelt's prowess as a hunter.

In the library and in the master's den are the

books—the kind he best loves, books of history and of standard literature, and books of hunting and of adventure. In the large and cheery library are to be found the portraits of the three great Americans, Lincoln, Washington, and Grant, whose memory Mr. Roosevelt cherishes as one of the passions of his eventful life.

Never a society man, as we Americans are accustomed to the term, he turns rather to chosen friends and to books, to his wife and his children, rather than to the enthusiasm of the drawing-room gossip, for the real pleasures of life. When in the city he has made his home of later years in Madison Avenue. He is a member of the Union League Club, the Century Club, and other metropolitan organizations, and he was the founder of the Boone and Crockett Club, of which he was for many years the president.

Colonel Roosevelt twice married. His first wife, Miss Alice Lee of Boston, died in 1884, leaving him an infant daughter. In 1886, he married Miss Edith Kermit Carow, an intimate friend of his first wife. She who, as the wife

of the governor of New York, presides over the executive mansion at Albany, is of medium height, with fair complexion, brown eyes and hair, and possesses a remarkable charm of manner.

Mrs. Roosevelt is unquestionably the greatest spur to her husband in his public career, and is perhaps more ambitious for him than he is for himself. Personally she shrinks from publicity. By nature she is retiring and sensitive to an extreme degree. In no sense a woman of fashion, she dresses simply, always in taste. She impresses one with her evident sincerity and her genuine interest in things.

Of the children there are six. The eldest, Miss Alice, daughter of the first Mrs. Roosevelt, is a tall, robust girl of fifteen, a most excellent type of American girlhood. She is fond of outdoor life, and walks, and rides, and drives, and shoots, in every sort of weather.

The pride of the family, the small man of the house, by all odds the biggest little fellow in the Roosevelt household, is Master "Teddy," or Theodore Jr., aged eleven. The boy is like

his father in many ways. His smile is just as expansive and his iron-rimmed glasses that mark his gray-blue eyes are just as big and business-like. The only difference is that "Teddy" Jr., is older in his ways than "Teddy" Sr. He is the philosopher of the Roosevelt family—calm and dignified always. Soon after the distinguished father had been nominated at Saratoga, a reporter visiting the Roosevelt mansion saw little "Teddy," and wrote a complimentary paragraph about him. Days later the same reporter and "Teddy" Jr. met. "My friend," said the surprising youngster, "I had my attention called to your article referring to me. I must ask you not to do this again. Please remember that I am not a candidate for public office. I do not seek notoriety." Little "Teddy" is a great reader, a good horseman, and a wonderfully accomplished boy all around.

Master Kermit, aged nine, takes his odd name from his mother whose maiden name was Edith Kermit Carow. From her too he gets his brown eyes, but he is like his father in his

love for out-of-door life. Then comes Ethel, a pretty seven-year-old lassie, and Archie, aged four, who boasts a cherubic smile and a bewitching lisp. The youngest of the group is Quentin, the baby, named after an old Huguenot ancestor.

A visitor to Oyster Bay has said of the family: "The home life of the Roosevelt household is perhaps the American ideal. There is never the slightest doubt even in the mind of the casual visitor that there are children in the house. Their voices are rarely silenced and sometimes there are undeniable whoops from the direction of the nursery. But in spite of their evident existence the children are not allowed to be intrusive."

All sorts of stories are told of the Roosevelt children by political visitors. One day during the campaign of 1898 the Colonel and a newspaper man went into the house together and turned into the study. There is a wide, deep fireplace at one side of the room and the embers glowed in the middle of this cozy cavern. At the sides, huddled out of the way of the live

coals, four of the little Roosevelts sat staring at the fire between them. The Colonel peered into the fireplace and his young hopefuls peered out at him.

"What in the world are you doing in there?" he demanded.

"We thought we'd get in out of the draught," explained Teddy.

"Oh, did you? Well, I'm afraid we shall have to disturb your meditations and ask you to seek another asylum from the draught."

He has a way of treating the children with mock solemnity and deference—a manner which they quite see through and in which they seem to take delight. If actions speak with any force the children unquestionably adore their father. Their faces glow with delight the moment they see him and in the next they are climbing and tumbling over him. He seems to like it. He rolls them over and tosses them up on to his shoulders, chaffs them and praises them in a breath and finally sends them off breathless and happy.

Theodore Jr. frequently converses in elabo-

rate language suited to gentlemen of advanced years. He is interested in natural history and has a collection of insects, lizards, birds, and so on. In speaking of some eggs one day, he said that they were "speckled very minutely."

The children attended the district school, known in Oyster Bay as the Cove School, and Mr. Roosevelt seems well satisfied with their educational progress: "The experience will be good for them," he says; "my boys will go to Harvard when they get old enough. Up to the present they have done as well as I could wish in the Cove School."

"If Mr. Roosevelt had no other hold on his children," says a writer in the *New York Sun*, "he would still claim their interest because of the lovely stories he can and does tell them. At Oyster Bay the house is full of hunting trophies, three bearskins are on the drawing room floor, not to mention other skins less easily recognized by the ignorant eye. A father who could tell bear stories of his own, and wildcat stories and moose and buffalo tales was a great thing. But when he enlarged his repertoire by

adding yarns about camp life, and, best of all, stories of battle with lots of bullets and bravery in them—oh well, a father thus equipped simply has a household cinch. There is no other term for it.”

Governor Roosevelt has not only endeared himself to his own little ones, but to all children with whom he has come in contact. On a certain holiday occasion he was called upon to make a speech, of the simplest possible kind, and yet the most difficult, to the children of the Cove School at Oyster Bay. He began by confessing cheerfully that when he was a boy he was always looking for an excuse to stay away from school. “There are two things,” he said, “that I want you to make up your minds to. First, that you are going to have a good time as long as you live—I have no use for a sour-faced man—and next, make up your minds that you are going to do something worth while. You are going to work hard and do the things you start out to do.

“Don’t let any one impose on you. Don’t be quarrelsome. But stand up for your rights.

If you've got to fight, fight and fight hard and well. To my mind a coward is the only thing meaner than a liar.

“Work hard, but have a good time, too. If in your work you find a chance for a holiday take it. Enjoy it just as much as you can. But don't think that you can have a holiday all your lives, because that isn't so. You are going to work hard; you must.

“Be brave, but be gentle to little girls and to all dumb animals. The boy who maltreats animals is not worth having his neck wrung.”

In the tenement house district of New York, too, Mr. Roosevelt is beloved by the children. In December, 1898, he visited an Italian school one day, where his name is honored, for the Roosevelts are held in honor, with reason, wherever the work of the Children's Aid Society goes on. The Italian school is one of their scores of similar shelters for six thousand or seven thousand slum children, the poorest of the poor foreigners. The Governor told these little foreign youths a war story, something like this:

“I had a bugler in my regiment who was an Italian like the most of you. He was a fine fellow, so brave! He blew his trumpet in our first fight out at the front, giving orders as he was told until a Spanish bullet clipped off the two middle fingers of the hand that held the bugle. He went and had it dressed, and came back to help carry the wounded to the rear all the rest of the day with his bandaged hand. He was like my flag-bearer, who went right on and up though he was pelted with bullets that tore the flag to rags. They were good soldiers. Like all men that are truly brave, they were tender and good toward those who are weaker than they. We can all be that, even if we can't all go to the war. My regiment was a corking good one. One-fourth of all the men in it were killed or wounded, yet they never gave back an inch, never once. They always went forward. The Spaniards dreaded them with reason. But no sooner was the fighting over than every one of them gave half of his hard-tack to the starving women and children who came out of Santiago. They were good

fighters, and back of that they were true men and first-class citizens. I want you all to be as they were—brave and fearless, able to hold your own, to fight if you must, but tender to your mothers and sisters and to the little ones, decent and clean. Keep like that, and when you grow up, if we have another war, I will put every one of you in my regiment.”

The stern, uncompromising official, the brave and resolute soldier, the grave historian, with womenkind is a modern knight of chivalry, and with the little children he is kind, and patient, and generous. These are qualities that mark the full measure of the man.

XV.

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

“He has never failed. He does his duty without regard to anything but the interest of the people.”

SOMEWHERE in one of his essays Mr. Roosevelt has asserted that character is far more important than intellect to the race as to the individual. He must necessarily believe that character is the real foundation of true citizenship. His own character as a man and as a citizen, and the record he has made, both in public and private life, is a monument that will long endure. He stands unique among Americans, as a shining example of the ideal in citizenship.

A score of years ago, a college professor of political history, in an address made to a class of students, proclaimed: “Young gentlemen, you can get the measure of your country by

watching how far Theodore Roosevelt goes in his public career." It will doubtless be a score of years before these students, now all of them grown to manhood, will be enabled to fully measure this great country of theirs.

During the political contest of 1896, Mr. Roosevelt published an address telling why he was a supporter of the Monroe Doctrine—an address in which his Americanism, his patriotism, and his citizenship spoke in every line.

"Every true patriot," he wrote, "every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European power will hold a foot of American soil. At present it is not necessary to take the position that no European power shall hold American territory; but it certainly will become necessary if the timid and selfish peace-at-any-price men have their way, and if the United States fails to check, at the outset, European aggrandizement on this continent."

On April 24, 1896, he was called upon to address between twenty-five hundred and three thousand of the students of the University at

Ann Arbor, on "Enforcement of Law." In the course of his address, Mr. Roosevelt commended the organization of college civil-service reform and good government clubs, and urged upon the members to study with the object of fitting themselves for practical and efficient work after leaving their college halls. The country, he said, looks to the *young* men for the purification of its politics and its future prosperity as a nation.

Mr. Roosevelt never possessed great wealth. His income was always moderate, and he added to it only by the profits of his cattle ranch in Dakota, and by the money derived from his books and other literary work. He never was a money-seeker, and speaks only with contempt of the predatory and useless rich.

"There is not in the world a more ignoble character," he says, "than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses—whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads for himself,

or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his iniquity."

For the young American his advice is sound and wholesome. While he loves old Harvard, the college of his own youth, he does not believe that every boy should receive a college education. It depends, as he says, somewhat on the boy, and he asserts that "the best kind of college graduates are the most practical, and they are becoming more numerous every year."

In an interview he once said: "The young man of to-day has greater opportunities for advancing himself and achieving a real success than any men have ever had before. Everything offers better chances, and all a boy needs is education enough to appreciate them when they are here. That is one of the chief values of a good education. It aids a young man in

many things that would be invisible to the uneducated fellow. It helps him to weigh things in his mind, before deciding what to do. It is mind-training that we need. The power to think is almost absolutely necessary to success. Without it, a man is sure to be unequal to the great struggle for supremacy that is going on constantly in certain professions and lines of business."

Upon the subject of opportunity and foresight he says, with his usual candor: "Many of the great changes in our lives can be traced to small things, a chance acquaintance, an accident, or some little happening. A time comes to every man when he must do a thing or miss a great benefit. If a man does it, all is well. If not, it isn't likely that he will have the chance again. You can call that opportunity if you wish, but it is foresight that leads a man to take advantage of the condition of things. Foresight is a most valuable thing to have."

At a dinner given by the New England Society of New York, in December, 1898, Mr. Roosevelt spoke upon the subject most dear to

him—that of Americanism—and in the course of his remarks, he said:

“We get from the Puritan the inheritance of more than one virtue, of more than one set of virtues, and we do well to recollect that no one set of virtues is enough to save a State; that a nation composed merely of warriors is as sure ultimately to fail as a nation composed merely of merchants, merely of men great in peace. If ever this country loses either set of virtues this country will assuredly go down. And another thing, a thing that we do well to remember in the contests of peace that come to you year by year, where the contests of war come to you but once in a generation: That the Puritan owed his success to the fact that he was both moral and practical. It ought not to be necessary to say that you need those qualities in combination.

“If we ever succeed in this country in arranging a divorce between the two elements of the body politic, so that on one side we shall see the nice, cultivated, well-meaning little men with their good morals and their receding chins, the little men who mean well but cannot fight, and on the other side the thoroughly efficient men who do not mean well at

all—if we ever succeed in developing into those two distinct castes, the day of the ending of free government in this country is not far distant, and I want you to remember that in the last resort one element is pretty nearly as dangerous as the other to the community. The good man who does not amount to anything, the good man who cannot make his virtues become practical, and, if necessary, aggressive, counts for very little in the community. In the present age we do not need the cloistered virtue of the anchorite; we need the virtue that can stand the wear and tear of rough contact with the world. We need the virtue that can go out and do things; not do things quite as well as it thinks it could in advance, but do them somehow.

“There is always a temptation to a man of Puritan character because of the very fact that he has such good qualities to let these good qualities lead him astray. He naturally has the defects of his virtues. Because he strives for righteousness he is now and then apt to take a stand so extreme that he defeats the ends for which he works. Then he prides himself upon the fact that he is in advance of his fellows. Sometimes he is and at other times he is merely off to one side. The extremist is not necessarily more virtuous than his fellows.

“The man who has made the success of our republic in contrast to the failure of so many other republics is the man who is able to combine being practical and being virtuous; is the man of the stamp who tried to approximate to the standard of Washington and of Lincoln. Remember that neither one of those men could have accomplished anything for the nation if they had not possessed high ideals and had not striven manfully to realize them. And remember also that they could have done nothing if with the capacity for striving after a high ideal to that they had not united the capacity to do it with practical methods.

“The descendants of the Puritans and those who feel as they do, are the strongest force for good in our national life; it is because I recognize that fact that I ask you to keep ever before you the need not only of being good, but of being practical; of striving for tangible success; of working to make your weight felt for good. Our republic will exist so long as, and no longer than, it cultivates the virtues not only of morality, but of manliness and of practical capacity for affairs.”

It was also at a New England Society dinner, given in December, 1898, in Brooklyn, that

Mr. Roosevelt uttered this ringing American sentiment: "As the years go by this nation will realize that this year just passed has given to every American the right to hold his head higher as a citizen of this great republic, which has taken a long stride forward among the nations of the earth."

He confided the fact to the Brooklyn Society of New England, that he was not only an American but an expansionist as well, and asserted with force and determination:

"I have scant sympathy with that mock humanitarianism which is alien to the spirit of true religion, to the spirit of true civilization, which would prevent the great order-loving, liberty-loving nations from doing their duty in the earth's waste places because there is a need of some rough surgery at the outset. I do not speak merely of my own country. I hope that every man who strives to be efficient and moral will realize that it is for the interest of mankind to have civilization go forward, to have the higher supplant the lower life.

"Now that we have driven out the Spaniards,

we approach the really serious task. We are to prove that we can do well what the Spanish did so badly. We have assumed a heavy burden and a heavy responsibility. Woe to us if we do not immensely improve it. I have no sympathy with the man who cries out against our assuming the burden. If this great nation—contemplating the vastness of its domain, its history, the memory of her soldiers and sailors, of her statesman, commonwealth builders and commonwealth wielders—is afraid and stands back cowardly before this task, we may well believe the decadence of our race has begun.”

Just and fair-minded as a citizen, Governor Roosevelt, is equally just as a soldier. At a banquet given in New York City in 1898, after the close of the Spanish-American war, he took occasion to say a few words upon behalf of the regular army. I quote from his remarks: “All honor to the volunteer, but let us now, in time of peace, remember our debt to the men of the regular army. We have spoken of what General Miles did in the Civil War when General Grant faced Lee. Now, thank Heaven, we can

be glad and proud of the valor of the men who followed Grant and the men who followed Lee. Remember that for thirty-three years since that time the soldiers of the regular army have uncompainingly, without expectation of praise or notice, faced discomfort, danger, and death, warring against the Indians on our frontier, and reclaiming a new country from the waste. In General Miles, the hero of the Civil War, do not forget General Miles, the hero of the long and weary campaigns against the Sioux, the Cheyennes, and the Blackfeet. And do not forget the men with him, who had to face Arctic cold, a heat worse than tropic, hunger and thirst and the cruelest of foes, and all this without hope of reward other than the knowledge that they were serving the nation and upholding the flag. That's the regular army; that's the sort of thing they have been doing all these years.

"I wish that you could realize the bravery, devotion, and endurance of pain and peril of the American regular officer and of the American regular soldier; I wish you could have seen

the columns going forward to wrest victory from death, knowing that if wounded they would perhaps lie two or three days in the jungle without medical care, and glad to do it for the honor and the glory of the flag. I wish you could have seen the wounded, carted away in jostling mule wagons, lying patiently waiting without complaint for the long-delayed attention of the surgeons, delayed because these surgeons were working unceasingly until they fell asleep in the midst of capital operations from sheer inability to stand the strain longer. And if you had seen that you would feel that too much cannot be done for the regulars."

Whether as soldier, public officer, or as private citizen, we view the life and character of Theodore Roosevelt, there is nothing but good, with a deep and wholesome motive back of it, in the example set before us. Only a few centuries ago men retired to monasteries for moral and spiritual development, yet such growth, if growth it were, would now be selfish, narrow, incomplete. The world to-day needs men of action, men of work, the men who struggle

among their fellows for the improvement of the human race—men who are the true agents for the upward, onward march of progress. The world needs citizens, not puppets—citizens of moral strength, of mental and physical health, of honesty of purpose, of truth well-spoken, of good deeds well done.

As citizens of a great republic we must remember the words of Thomas à Kempis. "Equality of rank there can never be; equality of wealth there can never be. But equality of hopes, equality of aims, equality of essential happiness, equality of pure and true thoughts there may be; and equality of common destiny there is." We must recall also the noble words of Thomas Carlyle: "The working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally forever, and cannot die."

THE END.

